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THE ETHICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. PROF. SCRINGER, D.D.

I.

THE STARTING POINT.

The great aim of Christianity is to produce right character in men who have gone wrong to a greater or less degree. To this end it seeks by various considerations to awaken them to repentance and the desire for amendment. To the awakened it offers the divine forgiveness through Jesus Christ who died for them that this forgiveness might be theirs. To the forgiven, the redeemed, it presents such motives as are fitted to secure their devotion to the service of God, or in other words, to the cause of right. Until it thus gains the heart to God

and goodness it considers that really nothing has been accomplished: for, "except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." But when the heart has been thus gained it considers that practically everything is gained. And therefore the wise preacher will always bend his chief energies to that point, assured that if the citadel is won for God the out-works will soon yield complete submission.

It is always presumed, however, that right character will issue in right conduct. This is the only evidence of the genuineness of an inward change of heart which is quite satisfactory to the outside world. If this be conspicuously wanting no claim to religious experience, no professions of adherence to the Christian cause will be of any avail. Men will insist on doubting the reality of the change, or even worse, may doubt the value of Christianity altogether. They will not tolerate the idea of any divorce between character and conduct.

But it by no means follows that the conduct of even genuine Christians will always conform to precisely the same standard of what is right. With the very best intentions Christian men in the same community will differ in their judgment as to what is right on many different matters of great practical importance. Still wider difference will emerge if comparison is made between devoted Christians of different lands, different periods of time and different stages of culture or civilization. In spite of constant efforts to fix it and make it absolute, the standard of right by which even the best men seek to guide their conduct is one that is constantly changing. Like most other changes in the world, these changes in the ethical standard and practice of Christian people have gone through a process of development. The course of that development during nineteen centuries, and some of the laws by which it has been governed, will be briefly indicated in these papers.

It will be necessary first of all, however, that we consider the position of affairs at the starting point of Christianity.—That was by no means the beginning of the world's ethical progress. In fact the world was already far on its way towards the goal when Christ appeared, and many of the most

important stages in its onward progress had been passed. The first, and in some respects the most important of these, was the awakening of conscience to a recognition of the difference between right and wrong, which was one of the very earliest experiences of the race whereby man was sharply differentiated from the lower animals. This sense once awakened was never afterwards wholly lost by any nation among men. It was no doubt often mistaken in its judgment as to what was right and what was wrong, and sometimes went woefully astray, but has never entirely vanished even with the most degraded tribe, and could always be appealed to with more or less effect when fit occasion arose.

Then, too, the very necessities of human existence had enforced the recognition of various duties as binding up to certain limits. The almost constant need for food and clothing of some sort imposed on man the duty of working for the supply of himself and family. The helplessness of the young appealing to parental affection had led to a recognition of the mutual obligations of parents and children. The prolonged dependence of the young upon the support and protection of their parents had also shaped in some form everywhere the institution of marriage as a permanent relationship, not to be lightly broken by either party to the injury of the other, nor even by the consent of both parties to the injury of the children. The natural desire of every man to enjoy the fruits of his own labor or skill had compelled the acknowledgement of some rights of property and to the establishment of some method for securing them from infringement. The danger of invasion from plundering strangers had created a certain solidarity of tribe or nation for mutual protection. Mutual loyalty, patriotism and courage were such manifestly important virtues for the common good that they found recognition on all hands and abundant encouragement. Truthfulness in testimony was so clearly necessary in the administration of justice that, as far back as we can trace any clear history, the oath to enforce it was a familiar part of all judicial procedure. The religious sentiment which seems native in the human heart early devised various institutions and forms to give it

expression, and custom bound the observance of them on the conscience with an ever-increasing sense of obligation. Thus step by step a more or less complete system of morals was formed by one nation after another, some being ultimately committed to writing, others wholly oral or consuetudinary.

A comparison of these codes, even when formed most independently of each other, shows that, as to the main principles which underlie them, they are substantially in agreement. The conditions and needs of all human society are so far alike everywhere that this is inevitable; for, consciously or unconsciously, every man in his inmost soul has always recognized in his own wishes for himself the suggestion and guide of how he ought to treat others, and up to a certain point public opinion, backed by force if necessary, will always strive to compel the recognition of that standard. But while this is true in general, every separate tribe or group of people forming one organization had also some peculiar customs and ideas of its own, begotten by special conditions or copied from leading men's example. The value of these peculiarities was constantly being tested by time and experience. So that it might be said a great variety of experiments in morals were constantly being conducted side by side in the world. Those which worked badly were sooner or later eliminated, sometimes through the extermination of the peoples whom they had degraded and weakened. Those which worked well continued and spread until they came into contact with something still better, before which they in turn disappeared. And thus, slowly but surely, the moral education of the race was advanced.

From one point of view it might be said that this advance was naturalistic. That is, it was in accordance with the laws that govern human society at all times and under all conditions. There was nothing unnatural or forced about the process. Given beings with human capacities and living under human conditions and it could not have been different from what it was. But for him who has eyes to see it there is a divine element in all life and in all history. God's providence guides all things and all nations towards the

accomplishment of a predetermined end. It is by a divinely implanted stimulus that the universe continually struggles to attain its goal and to realize its ideal. God's hand is felt in every forward movement, however slight, and every new moral idea bringing man nearer his true goal may be said to be a revelation from God, whatever the particular channel by which it has come. To Him belongs all the glory of it, since it is the outcome of His gracious design for the ultimate perfecting of the race.

It is wholly in harmony with this principle that we should recognize in some movements more than in others a special divine impulse which gives them a peculiar claim upon our attention and regard. It is equally in harmony with this principle, and only what we might expect, to find that a succession of such special impulses should follow one particular line. Here, as everywhere else, the rule is that to him that hath shall be given; that is, if he uses what he has with any reasonable measure of fidelity. Each of the great nations of the world has made some contribution of its own to the race's progress. One has given its letters, another its art, a third its mechanical inventions, a fourth its science, a fifth its civil organization. Some one more than any other had to lead in the education of moral ideas. It was no accident that this proved to be the Jewish people. Inferior to others in most respects, they had that kind of moral earnestness and tenacity which fitted them to be the recipients of divine ideas on the right conduct of life, and to spread these ideas with zeal among the more laggard peoples around them. What was practically of even greater importance, they were enabled to attain that conception of the character of God which furnished the needful motive for living up to their ideas.

It is perfectly true that when one reads their history, as told by their own religious leaders, it does not leave the impression of a people specially faithful to the highest ideals. The constant complaint is of their unfaithfulness to the national conception of right conduct and defection from the national religion. But it is now coming to be recognized that in all evolution, degeneration is the rule for the great

majority and advance that of the exceptional few. But the existence of these few is the significant fact which lends dignity and even splendor to the moral history of Israel. In spite of all their failures, of which their best men were ever keenly conscious, no other nation can make anything like as good a showing. When Christ came the people of Israel had Him crucified in the bitterness of their antagonism to the spirit of His Kingdom, and only a handful of genuine disciples offered themselves for the propagation of the new faith. One feels as if His mission had narrowly escaped failure. But, disappointing as His reception was among the Jews, there is no reason to suppose He would have personally fared better anywhere else on earth, and even the scanty following would have been almost certainly wanting, so that His mission would have been a failure altogether.

In another respect, too, the Jewish ethical development was in advance of any other nation. The results of it had been committed in writing in a series of religious books, which had come to be accepted as authoritative even by that portion of the nation which was really out of sympathy with the spirit of their contents. There were no greater sticklers for the divine inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures than the very Scribes and Pharisees who so grossly perverted their meaning. They thus became, somewhat unconsciously, missionaries of a system much higher than they themselves practised or believed in. Nor was their mission altogether in vain. It is a little difficult to estimate the exact amount of influence which the Jewish synagogues exerted over Gentile peoples, but about the most interesting class we discover anywhere in the New Testament history are the proselytes of the gate—Gentiles who attended the services of the synagogues, attracted by the purity of their religious teaching and the loftiness of the moral principles set forth in the Jewish scriptures. It was a class which early supplied Christianity with a large body of its adherents.

Without going further into details, therefore, it is apparent that Christianity began its new development on the summit of the very highest moral elevation which the world had

been able to attain. Like a tree growing upon a mountain top, it thus added immensely to its height above the original level, and flourished the better because it thrust its roots deep down into the soil of a long past, which had been prepared to nourish it by means of a greatly diversified human experience.

What wonder that, as I sit alone
Counting the steps of the departing year,
Waiting the slow and solemn chime to hear,
That tolls the requiem of the Old Year gone,
A solemn awe should o'er my spirit spread—
A strange, still sense of mystery and dread?

What wonder, when I know that at my door,
Unseen, unknown, the waiting New Year stands,
Grasping the sealed scroll with his hands,
With strange, dim characters inscribed o'er,
Wherein lies hid, in awful mystery,
All that the coming year shall bring to me?

Perchance that sealed scroll may hold withal
Some sad death warrant for the friends I prize;
Or my own name amongst them haply lies,
Or sorrows worse than death yet to befall,
Or there be writ, in characters of gold,
Some joy to crown my life with bliss untold.

I watched the old moon in its slow decline;
So pass, Old Year, beyond life's stormy sea.
Whate'er the waiting New Year brings to me,
I know 'tis ordered by a hand divine,
So, fearless, 'mid the wild bell's mingled din,
I ope the door, and let the New Year in.

THE SPIRIT FILLED LIFE.

I. "Be filled with the Spirit." What?

"But ye shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

What a word is power! What does it mean? It throbs with undeveloped potencies. The material world has passed through two, and is now entering upon the third great dispensation. It was the wind palpitating in the ship's canvas, half a century ago, that bore our fathers and mothers over the sea. The trained ear of scientific research caught the footfall of cyclopean giants, and there was ushered in the dispensation of steam. And strange to say, man has always first rejected, then accepted the greatest boons to the race. It is said that the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic brought with it an elaborate treatise that was written to prove that steam transportation was impossible.

Now the age of electricity has dawned, and its sun is already mounting the meridian sky. The heart of this age throbs with a finer force. It is a time of tremendous import. Epochs freighted with the most wonderful significance are born and brought to the service of man, with every diurnal revolution of the earth. It is an age of submarine Argonauts and astral Aerostats. The Master of the mysteries has put into the hands of man the magic sesame of science, with which he may find access to the causes and consequences that have been hidden for centuries, and man has hunted, harnessed and hitched the electric steed to the cars of commerce, and with fabulous acceleration hurries us around the world.

So, in the development of God's dealing with the history of His people, there have been two, and we are now speeding to the sunset of the third great dispensation. In the Old Testament Dispensation it was God for us. The masses never got into close proximity to him. He spoke in the thunder and storm of judgment. The chosen people reached his heart and ear through ministering priests and mediating prophets.

Then in the second dispensation "His name was called Emmanuel, which is God with us"—and in the person of Jesus Christ, God tabernacled with men. But man knew him not. The whole philosophy of his life and the principles he enunciated were inexplicable, and the practical ethics he inculcated and urged upon the conduct of man, were to them the evident proof of his madness. They continually misunderstood him and misconstrued his simplest utterances. And amid the consistent inconsistency of self-centred, self-seeking humanity he stood alone, the phenomenon of history. He said, "It is expedient that I go away," and after the resurrection and descent of the Holy Ghost how often we read of his own disciples saying, "This is what he said, while he was yet with us." Thus we have the thrice blessed privilege of living in the third, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. The first is pushing, the second is pulling, but the third is pressing the people of God. But it is just possible to be living historically in the age of the Spirit, but experimentally in the dispensation that is marked by pre-pentecostal weakness and unpardonable defeat.

(a) Why was the promise of Acts i., 8 made? It was spoken to those to whom the Lord had said: "Your names are written in heaven," and it is a noteworthy fact, the word explicitly states, that the mother of Jesus was in the upper room when the baptism of fire fell.

Between the death of Julius Cæsar and that of Suetonius the historian, there lived a galaxy of luminaries, such as no other century of human history has ever surpassed, of historians, essayists, satirists, poets and philosophers in abundance. It was a period of great intelligence. Jesus threw all the efforts and excellencies of four thousand years upon the scales, and they were found wanting.

Demosthenes, the prince of orators, had lived and died and the world was unredeemed; Plato, the prince of thinkers, had passed away and the ideal republic was still a dream. Aristotle, the master of logicians, had failed to mix the healing cup. Homer, the king of poets, had swept the key board of rhythmic theorems, and still the world wailed out its woe.

The Theocracy had done divinely its God appointed work, but the Master looked down the centuries and viewed the stupendous work he was about to put into the hands of the infant church. He saw Roman rage whetting its instruments of merciless persecution. He saw the blood-baptised church. He saw blood-stained hands sowing the martyred millions, the seed of the church; he saw the setting sun. He saw the all but starless night of the "Dark Ages." He saw the apostasy developing and the infernal conspiracy to commit regicide, Deicide and hurl the redeemed universe into a cataclysm of chaotic corruption.

He weighed the contending forces. He counted the cost and gave the promise of supernatural power, to his supernatural body—the Church, to do a supernatural work, to carry the "Gospel of the Kingdom" speedily to the uttermost parts of the earth.

(b) What is the cause of the soul stirring absence of spiritual life in our days? Why do symposiums of divines bemoan the Laodiceanism of the religious bodies after almost nineteen centuries of Christian civilization?

Let us suppose that all we know of the last two millenniums of the Church's history to be obliterated from our memory. Let a white winged messenger, whose advent from the throne of God, cannot be questioned, put into our hands a copy of the Acts of the Apostles, the key of the high explosives of God, the power house of the Church. Let the heavenly herald ask any logical mind the question: With such pent up potencies, with such pentecostal promises, with such an electro-genic endowment, obeying the "Go of the Galilean," what ought to be the condition of affairs at the close of two thousand years? There is but one answer. Long before sixty generations would have passed away, all Jerusalem would be singing the songs of Zion's enthroned and glorified king. The Judean hills would be skipping and gamboling like lambs in the perennial summer of the unsetting sun of righteousness. Samaria's soil would be vibrant with the march of jubilant hosts. Africa's down trodden sons with their faces of ebony, would be incandescent with a

heavenly lustre. India's sin-crushed multitudes would be walking erect with a diadem of glory on their brows. South America's neglected nations and tribes would be trousseaued like her northern sister in the bridal robes of Christian civilization. China's millions would no longer be looking back into the misty past, but right about face, beaming like the morning, keeping time with the light, would have taken their place in the vanguard of the redeemed. All the islands of the sea would be glowing with the resplendence of their Redeemer. Indeed the prophetic "I will make the place of my feet glorious" would be a present reality, and this earth would ere this time have passed through the parturient pangs of the regeneration, and the new heavens and the new earth taken their place in the orchestra of a ransomed universe.

But alas! There is no danger of the real picture being mistaken for the above description.

Call to your aid all the images of poverty and degradation you have ever seen in solitary places of the extremest wretchedness, those cases that have haunted you with horror after you passed from thence, those dreary abodes of gaunt squalor, crowd them into one picture, unrelieved by a single shade of tempered darkness or colored light, and hang it over one half the globe; it will still fail to equal the reality. You must put into it the prospect of hopeless continuance; you must take out of it all hope and aspiration even. The conspicuous feature of heathenism is poverty. You have never seen poverty. It is a word of meaning which you do not know. What you call poverty is wealth, luxury. Think of it as universal, continent wide. Put into hunger, nakedness, bestiality; fill Africa with it, fill Asia with it, crowd the vision with men, women and children in multitude more than twenty times the population of all your great cities. Paint a starless sky, hang your picture with night, drape the mountains with long, far reaching vistas of darkness, hang the curtains deep along every shore and landscape, darken all the past, let the future be draped in deeper and still deeper night, fill the awful gloom with hungry, sad faced men and sorrow driven women and hopeless children. It is the heathen

world. A thousand millions in the region and shadow of death. The pessimist sees it. The optimist bewails it and the only difference between these two schools of thought is as to the remedy.

(c) Is there power? What is it?

Men are looking for power. Everywhere search is being made for power. There is no commodity in greater demand. When it is found, possessed and proven, the world recognizes it and will pay for it. Unlike wisdom, the depths can say, "It is in me." You can get it for gold and silver, can be weighed for the price thereof. The world says to man with the microscope and the telescope and in all the realms between, if you want power "Ask, seek, knock."

And yet, after all, we stand humbled by the absolute impotence of it all to turn the sinner from the error of his way and inspire the Church of God with a hunger for a holy life and an insatiable passion to obey and carry out the last command of the Lord. Power there must be. Power of a higher type. Power we must have and blessed by God, power we may have. It is the power without which there would have been no anointed Jesus; no fire baptised disciples and no power endued Church. Years of experience, a wide field of observation, a large correspondence, and contact with tens of thousands of people, have accumulated a weight of conviction that has become inflamed by the Spirit, till an overwhelming and consuming passion has seized my soul, that a trumpet blast ought to be given by the united pulpits of Christendom; the Church of Christ ought to be called to the upper room, to her knees and upon her face importune the Throne, that the Holy Spirit may submerge her in the deep sea depths of God, and once more, in a phenomenal manner, anoint her with power from on high.

II. "Be filled with the Spirit." When?

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all of one accord in one place, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

It takes but a casual glance at the Christian Church to see that its membership is divided into three very significant groups. The first is by great odds the largest, and is composed of the people who take no small part in all the worldly pleasures and pursuits. This class hangs its destiny, without a palpitating fear, on the question: "How much of the world can I have and get to heaven at last?" If saved at all, and of this there are grave reasons to doubt, they shall be "saved as by fire," and go into the presence of the King, without a star, without a crown and forever miss the blessed, "Well done." For the second class, every honest heart must have the deepest feelings of sympathy and respect. It is composed chiefly of devoted women, who are blood and spirit relations of the women whose tender hearts and sorrow suffused souls, had forgotten that Jesus had told them, He was going to be living and risen on that "red letter day" of the resurrection, and went to embalm their Lord. You will find this class planning in committee meetings; plodding wearily along the streets; pleading like mendicant monks from door to door in pursuit of donations, and perspiring in Church kitchens, catering to the world to secure a mere pittance to keep the Church of God out of the clemosynary institutions. The watchword of this group is, "Let us get up something," and our hearts surge with sympathy or rather pity for this spice-bearing multitude who are marching to an empty tomb and singing in a broken key, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" The third class is the first class. It comprises a small and yet a large company. Its constituents are a called out, consecrated, concentrated collection of men and women who are to be found among all the denominations of the Church militant, and are, indeed, in mystery, the membership of the Church triumphant. They have found out, not only historically, but also experimentally that Jesus is risen, that he has ascended on high and that the Holy Ghost has come to endue and empower the Church with divine dynamics. This company is to the third person of the Trinity what the body of Jesus was to him, the incarnation of the Holy Ghost.

The historic Pentecost was not the fulfilment of the prophecy, in the popularly accepted sense, of a divine effusion, or manifestation, marked by time limits in the past. It was but the opening of the floodgates and the outletting of pent up triune omnipotence. To-day, after almost two millenniums, the Christian Church ought to be sweeping along with the irresistible momentum of a mighty river, submerging the earth in the length and breadth and depth of a boundless sea.

The Jews had three great cardinal feasts. 1. Passover. This lasted for about a week. It was held at the beginning of the harvest. Two sheaves of golden grain were reaped and it was worthy of note, in this age when the masses of men are blighted with Americanitis-flurry, hurry, worry, that at the busiest season God's chosen people had time to hold a religious feast lasting seven days. It might solve the vexed and vexing problems of strikes, panics, and the reason-dethroning pressure of our fevered conditions, if a Sabbatic week, if not a Sabbatic year, and even if a Sabbatic day, could once more stand in fact as well as in figure upon our calendars. The Passover feast was held in commemoration of the emancipation from bondage and the miraculous escape from the tragedy in Egypt. So to the soul for whom the blood has been shed, and to whom it has been applied, there is a Passover occasion, and over that soul the black wing of the angel of death shall never poise and flap its vibrations of destruction and woe.

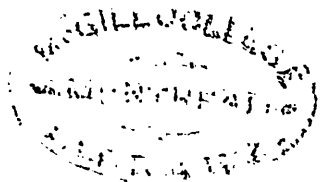
2. Pentecost. With what freshness and enspirited hilarity the Hebrews must have yoked up and rushed to the reaping of the whitened and whitening fields after a week of physical recreation and spiritual exhilaration! For forty and nine days the welkin rang with the melody of the mower and the rhythmic shouts of the reaper. What melody mingled with their toil! And then on the fiftieth day, two loaves were made of the finest of the wheat and the Pentecostal feast began and overflowed into the second day. The conscious, experimental scene we have appropriated the paschal lamb is like a great eternal heart throb propelling the buoyancy of young manhood into every energy of the soul, giving

brown to the being, and the personal Pentecost becomes a storage battery of unlimited supply that makes service a luxury and sacrifice a delight.

3. Tabernacles. After the second banquet, they hastened to gather in the fruit of the vine, and then came the "harvest home." The Passover feast admits the sinner to the family circle of God; the Pentecostal anointing qualifies the child of God, for life and for service, and when the last ripe cluster of fruitage will have been plucked and gathered from the autumnal arbors of all lands and the islands of the sea, then shall we sit down at the glad harvest home and drink the new wine with our Lord at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

(a) Conditions—What are the conditions of Pentecost? We hear on every hand. It is not so much getting into a condition, as getting into an attitude. When we put a vessel into the proper attitude to water, according to an irreversible law of its nature it rushes in. When a regenerate soul puts body, soul and spirit, by an unconditional surrender, upon the altar of consecration, the Holy spirit does enter, it may be like the evening zephyr, it may be like a cyclonic tornado, but however he may please and undertakes the administration of that life and will victoriously and triumphantly consummate his high and holy purpose.

(b) Coming suddenly, and as we have seen, possibly silently. When Moses had made the specific and detailed consecration of the tabernacle, then the cloud, then the glory filled the place, so that even Moses, who had seen the supernal splendor of the Mount, could not endure the insufferable presence. And also when Solomon had completed the temple and the singers had caught the heavenly harmony, the glory again enswathed and filled the house of God. Let us put every particle of our bodies, every faculty of our souls and every power of our spirits upon the altar, and there shall be an advent of the Holy Spirit, there shall be a baptism of holy fire and the involution of dynamo-genic forces that will introduce an epoch-making time in every realm of our being.



(c) Cleansing. "There appeared tongues like as of fire," "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." The Holy Spirit may never make us illustrious, but He will make us lustrous. He may never make us clever, but He will make us clean. He will make our conduct golden, because He will make our characters glorious. The penetrating Spirit will probe to the deep and secret places of the inner life; "And purge the soul from sear and sin as Christ Himself is pure."

(d) Conduct. "Began to speak with other tongues." Ah! That's it. The use of the tongue is the index of the perfect man. It is said of Moltke that he was a very humble man and could hold his tongue in seven languages. "The tongue is a tool or a tyrant." When dipped in the fire of hell, like a sulphurous match, it can kindle a destructive flame surpassing in malignity and truculent torment the infamous action of Nero in the annihilation of Rome. But when tamed by the regenerating Spirit; when tempered in the Pentecostal fire, and dipped in the ink horn of inspiration, it can write upon the heart the thought of God. It can displace Pericles and Demosthenes from the supremacy of oratory. It can make the most impassioned and impressive perorations in the literature of eloquence and it can sing the symphonies of our Saviour's redeeming love, in loftier strain than seraphim that bow and burn before the throne of God.

WALTER RUSSEL.

(Concluded in next issue.)

There is a time we know not when,
 A point we know not where,
 That marks the destiny of men
 To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
 That crosses every path,
 The hidden boundary between
 God's glory and His wrath.

Poetry

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.

Another year is drawing to his close ;
Another year of various bequest
Is hurrying away across the snows
With swift and noiseless footsteps to the west.

Now all but empty is his fateful pack ;
His hand is cold, and fitful is his breath ;
His frame is thin, and sadly bowed his back ;
His eye has the stern prescience of death.

And some will weep to hear that he is fled,
And count his genial sojourn all too brief ;
And some will say, " 'Tis well ; we wished him dead,'
And feel a deep unspeakable relief.

One from the casement watches him afar,
And pities his inhospitable plight ;
Another stands and holds the door ajar,
To greet his young successor in the night.

For he was not impartially benign :
He loaded some with merit's rich rewards ;
And some who idly quaffed of pleasure's wine
Fared better than earth's potentates and lords.

While some, who could not choose, with murmurings
Received such gifts as they may well deplore ;
And some who chose picked out the worthless things,
And spurned the choicest treasures of his store.

On some he showered earthly wealth and fame,
And some he graced with worldly happiness ;
To some gave poverty, an injured name,
Affliction, disappointment, dire distress.

Some few with tempered pleasure took their share
 Of bliss, and bore their pain with fortitude,
 Improved the paltriest trifles, and whate'er
 Fell to their portion turned it into good.

And these behold their benefactor flee
 And the flushed boisterous young pursuer press
 Hard on his track, with equanimity ;
 For them no years can injure—all must bless.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

“Alas! my noble boy, that thou should'st die!
 Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye.
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son; and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill
 Like a rich harpstring—yearning to caress thee;
 And hear thy sweet ‘My Father’ from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

“The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!

“And now, farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber, on thee,
 And thy dark sin:—Oh! I could drink the cup,
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer home,
 My lost boy, Absalom!”

—N. P. WILLIS.

IN DEFENSE OF XANTHIPPE.

WILMAN T. HERRIDGE, D.D.

That wife of Socrates has acquired such a bad reputation that it may seem like quixotic chivalry to attempt, at this late day, any apology for her. She has become everywhere the symbol of shrewishness, and many a quiet joke has been made over the trials of the illustrious philosopher who was united to such a virago.

It seems only fair, however, to look at both sides of the question before passing a final judgment either upon her, personally, or upon that unwelcome sisterhood, of which she is the almost unchallenged prototype. Whatever were the faults of Xanthippe, they have certainly not been diminished by so much talk about them. Socrates himself, in a dialogue with his son recorded in the *Memorabilia*, speaks of her domestic virtues; and though the evidence concerning her daily manner of life is scanty, we know that when her husband was imprisoned, she showed a solicitous affection, and shed bitter tears over the gloomy fate which overshadowed him.

Masculine expectancy often runs high in regard to the "gentler sex," and when disappointed is easily stirred to a considerable display of indignation. There may be in this, perhaps, an indirect tribute to the sense of woman's worth and her almost infinite possibilities. But sufficient weight is not always given to the conditions under which her best qualities will be developed. Her more sensitive organism renders her peculiarly liable to the frustration of her true instincts, and to the abortive exercise of her legitimate powers of earthly ministry. She may very possibly show only the unilluminated disc of her soul to the gaze of selfishness, and, like a delicate plant, put forth no lovely blossoms in an uncongenial atmosphere. However great the range of sacrifice in any nature, it emerges bruised and disfigured when it fails to meet with sympathetic appreciation.

One does not like to tarnish the glory of a name which deservedly ranks so high among the immortals. But though

the world must needs admire the philosophy of Socrates' from a conjugal point of view he is not beyond criticism. His love is centred in the state rather than in the home, and marriage suggests to his mind no duties of living affection and mutual helpfulness. While he speculates, Xanthippe is obliged to act. And when she goes to him in the hour of death with a true womanly distress in her heart, he sits discoursing with his friends, and lest his remarks should be interrupted by mere trivialities, calmly requests that she and the children be taken away.

In all likelihood Xanthippe did not fully appreciate her husband's intellectual endowments. Like the simple wife in Tennyson, she could only say: "I cannot understand; I love." Socrates may have felt irritated by the lack of ardent discipleship at his own hearth-stone, and the regard which he showed for the genius of Aspasia is explicable naturally enough without any imputation on his moral character. But women are not shut up to the extreme either of profound philosophical knowledge or of complete and barren stupidity. A certain sort of talent is almost indispensable in order to remove friction from continuous intercourse. But that talent is not as much a talent for common knowledge as for common sympathy.

A woman's heart, hungering for the bread of love, will scarcely be satisfied with the stone of speculation however highly polished it may be. It seems at least probable that Xanthippe's immortal infirmities of temper were aggravated, if not created, by a void of tenderness. One can make awful discords upon an instrument if he does not know how to play it, and the wider its capacity for subtle and harmonious sound, the greater the peril of producing such unskilled work as Mrs. Browning describes:

"Fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet."

And there is nothing, perhaps, which will more surely produce unfortunate results in a woman's nature than calm

indifference. If she is regarded as constitutionally incapable of sharing the highest thoughts and aspirations, in a few cases she may clamor loudly for her "rights," but as a rule she is too sad for anything but a silence broken now and then by the irrepressible ebullitions of wounded pride. Even if she does come at length to realize our worst picture of Xanthippe, the degeneration of character does not lie wholly at her door.

We are in no special danger now-a-days of falling into habits of domestic negligence through excess of speculation. Christianity, too, must needs have given us an idea of the place of women which the best thought of classical antiquity never reached at all. But there is still room for emphasizing the significance of the home as affording the best stimulus for the fulfilment of other relationships. Alas for our national future if familiarity here breeds contempt, and the most sacred duties of life are ignored in the keen struggle for place or fortune!

No true woman desires any false methods of "emancipation." But she does desire, with perfect right, freedom to move in the sphere of her most natural activities neither hindered by prejudice nor paralysed by neglect. A man's attitude in the circle of the home affords a good test of his character and is an idea to his hopes of real progress in the broad field of the world. The Recording Angel stands among our Lares and Penates and writes his verdict there.

There is no ineradicable infirmity in women which obliges her to study the art of vituperation. In most cases she is goaded into it, and no one can feel the injury as much as she does herself. It is a great mistake to imagine that the mental and emotional sides of human nature are developed in inverse proportion. On the contrary, love must be intelligent and intelligence must be loving before either can reach its fullest exercise. The groves of the Academy should be contiguous to the garden of earth's Paradise. And though neither the realm of thought or feeling will be without its thorns, Eve, as a rule, is well qualified to walk through both.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PRINCETON.

What student has not heard of Princeton, and what theological student but has heard of Princeton as a centre for Presbyterian theology. The home of the Alexanders and Hodges, Green and McCosh, it has sent its powerful messages of orthodox teachings throughout the world. As your interest becomes aroused you begin to look towards this part of the world, and no sooner has your mind become centered upon it, than you find yourself drawn Princetonward.

It is the opening day of the session and you leave New York or Philadelphia with your expectations running high, and soon, you think to be realized. The guard calls out "Princeton" and you look out of the window to find yourself passing tennis-courts and buildings of all description. You step out on the platform and looking up, you are face to face with one of the most magnificent dormitories that ever graced a college campus. You pass up through its central arch and into the College grounds--buildings right and left, Dormitories, Gymnasium, Commencement Hall and many others. As you pass along following the pavement, you come to the old Quadrangle surrounded by trees. In its centre, with mouth buried in the ground, is a cannon used in the War of Independence, around which many a Freshman and Sophomore has contended for victory. The ground about it is all charred with the remains of immense bon-fires lit in celebration of foot-ball victories. On the right are two marble buildings, identical in external appearance. These are Debating Halls owned by two distinct and elective societies. Farther on is the new Library, the Chapel, Recitation Hall, the Y.M.C.A. Building, the Science Hall and Old Nassau, placed in such order and with such external beauty that one does not doubt the statement that Princeton has the finest Campus in America.

The Seminary is of immediate interest and you learn that it lies a stone's throw the opposite side of the station. Few students are about and the buildings show scarcely any sign

of life. Here you find another campus. Three dormitories form a half circle and in the centre lies the Refectory. Facing the four is the Students' Recitation Hall and to its left is the Millar Chapel.

And now you begin to throw off that feeling of lonesomeness, for the spirit of the place is becoming more lively and each train brings its contingent of students old and new. The boys are very friendly and willing to give advice. You will have to get a room but they see that the janitor puts you up for the night and to-morrow there will be a drawing of rooms by the Juniors, the Seniors and Middlers having drawn at the close of last Session. Meanwhile you look into your temporary quarters and find a bed with a bare mattress. You will have to provide your own bed-clothes and stove for your room, for that is the only means of heating rooms in Princeton.

You have read in the catalogue that board is furnished for three dollars a week at the Refectory, but owing to difficulties, known in other places as well as Princeton, this plan has been discarded and the building is soon to be turned into a gymnasium. On the bulletin you read that board is to be had at certain places for three dollars a week, and as it is supper time, you betake yourself to one of these houses and find the table surrounded with students. Your new friends make you acquainted and you sit down, but before the meal is over, you have made up your mind that there is worse board to be had than certain places in Montreal attempt to furnish. However, you have seen the worst side of Princeton and it is not long before you learn their better customs. The students have formed clubs, each with their own title. There are Friars, Benhams, Southern, Socialist, Calvin and others. You may be invited to join several but you take your choice influenced greatly by your impressions of the boys in each club. Board in these runs from three to four dollars. The same system of clubs prevails throughout the University and takes the place of the Greek Letter Societies which are strictly forbidden by the Faculty.

Choosing a room is the next difficulty and you go to the Office and get a list of the vacant rooms in the different

buildings. You look over these and choose a certain number of desirable rooms and go with you prepared list to Hodge Hall Parlors where the choice is made. Your name is written on a card and with the names of the rest of the class, is put into a box. In another box are numbers from one up to the number of Juniors. Two Middlers preside, one at each box. One picks out a number, the other picks out a name, the one who gets number one having first choice and so on until the list is finished. Having made your choice, you settle in your quarters. You may decorate your room just as you desire and if you are in Alexander or Hodge Hall you will also have a bed room. As mentioned before, you provide yourself with a stove and bedclothes as well as a toilet set. Many of the students have couches almost covered with cushions. Their walls are decorated with pictures, college colors or flags and at their windows hang lace curtains. If they do not mind expenses they may light their rooms with gas or electric light instead of the ordinary coal oil lamp.

At seven o'clock in the morning you are aroused by the bell, and at seven-fifteen it rings again for prayers in the parlors of each dormitory. Lectures proceed throughout the day, and for exercise you may play tennis, for there are a number of courts, or you may take part in what they call "Irish Football" our ordinary association game. The roads are good for wheeling and the orchards are plentiful in the neighborhood. At the close of the last lecture in the afternoon, the students meet in a body in the Oratory of Stuart Hall where prayers are conducted by one of the Professors. Each Wednesday evening at six-forty, the several years meet in separate halls for prayer-meeting conducted by the students. Then on Sunday morning at eleven service is held in the Chapel and a sermon is preached by a member of the Faculty. At four in the afternoon, there is a conference, at which some subject is discussed by the professors. There are other meetings throughout the week and on Sunday, such as the Missionary Study Classes, the Bible Study Classes and the Missionary meeting.

There is no debating society connected with the seminary, but you find many opportunities to express yourself at the different meetings and even in the Lecture Rooms. Nor is there any publication to worry an over-worked Editor or a Treasurer looking for a subscription. The atmosphere is one of study without much social life, or the distracting influences of concert halls or theatres.

You have thus obtained an idea of this wonderful centre of learning where there are not more than three thousand inhabitants, where the sophomore reigns supreme, where men from many parts of the globe, Canada, Ireland, Wales, Japan, and from nearly every College and University in the States, come to study Theology.

Perhaps at a later date, the system of teaching and examinations, professors and students themselves would be interesting topics for consideration.

HENRY J. KEITH.

Princeton, N. J.

O well for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong :
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

—TENNYSON.

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

On Nov. 14th, Mr. Charles A. H. Tanner received a letter from Mr. Alex. Crozier, B.A., who is on active service in the Transvaal.

Mr. Crozier is a graduate of Queen's University, and in his fourth year Medicine in McGill. He boarded with us through his course and hence we have an interest in his welfare. He belongs to Stratheona's Horse. His letter is dated, "Lydenburg, Transvaal, Oct. 5." He does not regret the trip and speaks of it as a "glorious, delightful, romantic picnic full of dangers, Long Tom shells, and Mauser bullets, which made every individual hair stand on end." He had several narrow escapes. One paragraph tells, "The Boers gave us a jolly scare. We got into camp about two o'clock and were all settled down when about four o'clock the Boers opened on us with five guns. Say, they did not do a thing but deluge our camp with shells. We had thirteen men struck in our camp and many horses and mules killed. One shell exploded ten yards from me, and covered me with dust. One big cake of mud struck me on the head and I thought my time had come. Shell fire is not at all nice. I hope to be in Montreal about Christmas."

His brother, Rev. H. J. Crozier, graduated from this College two years ago.

We miss Rev. D. D. Millar, who finished his examinations and left our halls and company on Nov. 5. He had a slight attack of appendicitis during the last few days he was with us, and was forced to lie abed. We hope he is quite well by this time. He is taking a post-graduate course and we shall likely see him here again.

We report a pleasant evening on Nov. 8. The Young Peoples' Society of St. Gabriel's Church gave us an invitation to spend that evening with them. Many of the students

were unable to be present owing to a combination of obstacles. Those who were there enjoyed themselves very much, and regrets were expressed by those who were not able to attend. The students do hereby renew their thanks for the bright, cheerful and kindly attention received from the Y. P. S. of St. Gabriel's.

And some of us were fortunate enough to get a second evening off, and be entertained in right royal fashion by the young people of Erskine Presbyterian Church. It is safe to say that the students appreciated the warm welcome and pleasant entertainment. It shortens the road and relieves the monotony of college work. "Thank you."

Perhaps that student walked over his conscience who went twenty miles on foot one Sabbath and preached twice. Never mind, he was training for the cross-country race. The same day another man, in a like vocation, tore his coat in a rush (hundred yard dash) through a barb-wire fence, but do not question him too closely about it.

It is a strange thing that students who are out late cannot go to bed quietly when they return home at night. One would think that "No. 19," on the night of Nov. 16th, was unpacking furniture or putting up stove pipes instead of going to bed. Go to bed quietly on your return and do not make it seem as if you were building a place to sleep in.

Lady to J. H. L.—"Is this your first year?" It's too bad, isn't it, after six years work? Never mind, Mr. L., they'll be undeceived some day.

H. H. T.—"I back MacKellar on the cross-country race."

J. H. S.—"I'll take you. How much will you bet?"

H. H. T.—"\$25,000."

J. H. S.—"!! Why did you not say \$75,000?"

H. H. T.—"Oh, but *you* are trying to bluff."

C. A. H.—"I ought to wash my hands."

P. M.—"What, have you been touching me?"

There is one member of our first year in Theology who is bound to be either *Graz* or black.

H. H. T.—“ I hear you sat on D. S. for half an hour ?”

J. H. L.—“ I know, I sat on nothing.”

D. S.—“ I never felt it.”

W. A. F.—“ Gentlemen, that is a very light subject.”

G. Y. (seeing a proposition on the board)—“ I once took 90 per cent. in Euclid.”

G. W. T.—“ I took 91 per cent. myself, but I don't go telling it to everybody.”

W. G. B.—“ Gollies.”

D. S.—“ Beg pardon.”

J. H. L.—“ Excelsior.”

H. H. T.—“ Massy.”

C. F. C.—“ All right.”

Freshman (over the 'phone on Oct. 5)—“ Hello! Is that the C. P. R. What are the Christmas rates to G—rich ?” (What followed was not heard, but real enough.) “ Oh, mamma, I'm sick of this place !”

J. D. M.—“ We'll both be together on the home-stretch.”

He.—“ When will the alphabet have only twenty-five letters ?”

She.—“ When U and I are one.”

W. O. R. relates that it was very difficult for him to get enough oxygen when on the hill at Edmonton, N.W.T. “ I could see lakes which I afterwards could not find,” were words he uttered.

Two foreigners met. One was English, the other French. Neither knew much of the other's language. They blurted and made signs with very little result and they decided to part. The Englishman said “ Reservoir,” the Frenchman replied “ Tanks.”

(D. S. sat near the front. It was warm and close. 'Twas thought that Mr. S. began to nod. Prof. asked a question. Great stir and effort on the part of Mr. S., but no reply.)

J. H. L.—“ If you would only acknowledge it.”

D. S.—“ It's no use, I wasn't asleep.”

Nov. 2 is remembered here. 'Tis said by many wise men that man has an animal nature. On the above date, about 11.30 p.m., the feline side of man's nature came to light very forcibly in the form of howls and mews.

G. W. T. (on the following morning).—"I should like to have been among that gang of cats—only, with a rawhide."

J. L.—"Ye maun resist the deil and he will flee."

G. W. T. made a savage onslaught on J. L., who was seen rapidly retreating.

W. O. R.—"The course in Winnipeg was desperate hard."

J. G. G.—"Had you to work all day?"

W. O. R.—"Yes; and take an extra mural at night."

It is related that at Princeton Theological Seminary recently, a young preacher persuaded a fellow student to listen to him while he rehearsed a sermon.

The preacher in embryo began. His subject was "Light." With a violent gesture with the right arm he said, "Blot out the sun." With a similarly frantic movement of the left arm he roared, "Blot out the moon." Then, with a combined gesture, made up of both arms, he bellowed, "Blot out the stars." But it was enough. The auditor arose to leave with a hoarse, cruel whisper, "Turn off the gas."—C. E. World.

"Jane, I told you twice to have muffins for breakfast. Have you no intellect?"

"No, mum; there's none in the house."—Sel.

Exacting Father.—"James, how are you getting along with that job of wood-splitting?"

Rebellious Son.—"I'm making about three knots an hour."—Christian Register.

W. A. F.—"I like a joke, but I do not like impertinence."

QUERIES.

Who makes "smudges" in his room to remind him of home?

Who lost two nights' sleep, as well as their votes, over the federal elections?

Who became tangled in the crockery at a recent social?

Who traded that dog *plus* accompaniments?

Did that student who pitched that tune one evening come down yet?

Who sat in a pool of ink for half an hour?

C. A. H.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

A very interesting and instructive meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society was held on Friday evening, November 2nd. The president occupied the chair and opened the meeting with prayer. The first item was a piano solo by Mr. Blanchard.

The subject of debate, "Resolved, that the immigration of foreigners is for the best interests of Canada," proved to be a live one, as it is a problem which seriously affects the interests of Canada.

Mr. Rothney, as leader of the affirmative, brought forward many arguments to prove that the foreigners now coming into Canada are bound to become good citizens. He described the state as being an organism which grows by assimilation and development, so that, when this organism comes in contact with the foreign element, the good qualities of that element will be assimilated while the bad characteristics will be cast off. There was a want in Canada which this foreign element would meet. One need was the demand for labor. There are not enough people in our country to fill the vacant situations and supply the demand for labor. In his own humorous style Mr. R. proceeded to show what a help the Galicians are to our country in developing its vast resources and in furthering its prosperity. He cited cases from his own experience among them, which went clearly to prove that the ordinary Galician was physically and mentally the superior of the average Canadian, and this is well shown by the fact that in a very few months they adopt the English language and Canadian customs.

Mr. Laverie, as leader of the negative, contended that

these foreigners are poor, ignorant and degraded, both morally and spiritually. It could not be to the best interests of Canada to settle these people by themselves, because by so doing no opportunity is given them of laying aside their old customs and the result would soon be that instead of having a united Canada, we would have a state within a state, which would certainly break down any ideas of assimilation which we might entertain. The evil effects of this immigration has manifested itself in many ways. Years ago a Canadian would receive good wages for his work. Now it is almost impossible for a man to live on the wages paid, simply because these foreigners will work so much cheaper than the Canadian. They have no idea of patriotism, as their only aim is to make money, and perhaps again leave the country. This fact is only too well illustrated by the Chinese, who return to China as soon as they have gathered together a little money.

Mr. Sharp, speaking in the affirmative, failed to see how Canada would be injured by this immigration. The United States has been greatly benefited in years past by immigration and why should not Canada. The fact that these people were dissatisfied with European tyranny, proved that they were capable of larger possibilities, and Canada is the place to develop these characteristics. The fact that a man is poor is no argument, because many poor men have risen to the highest positions in life. There is room for these people in Canada, and it is the duty of Canadians to open their doors and invite them over, and so extend the helping hand and advance the "Brotherhood of Man."

The last speaker on the negative was Mr. J. D. MacKenzie, who showed that the people coming to our shores are of the lowest type of morality, and the influence which they would exert would not be for the best interest of either Canada or Canadians.

Mr. Rothney in a few words summed up the arguments. On a vote being taken, the decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

Mr. Donald Stewart acted as critic, after which the meeting closed by singing the national anthem.

The first open debate of the year was held on Friday evening, November 16th.

Mr. J. H. Laverie, B.A., was appointed to act as our representative on the Intercollegiate Committee. There being no other items of business the programme was then taken up. Mr. MacGougan gave a reading, after which the College Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Cameron, MacCutcheon, Morrow and MacLeod, rendered a very acceptable selection.

The subject of debate was as follows: "Resolved, that prohibition is the best solution of the liquor traffic."

Mr. E. H. Gray, in speaking for the affirmative, began by defining the terms, followed by a graphic picture of the evils of intemperance. He then portrayed to his audience the ideal state under prohibition and showed how the plan would inevitably solve the evil of the liquor traffic.

Mr. H. S. Lee, B.A., in opening the discussion for the negative, made clear how legislation cannot make a man moral. If intemperance was a habit it could be prohibited, but since it is a disease, man will have liquor at any cost, and so will pay no attention to law. The results arising therefrom will certainly be very disastrous. He claimed that prohibition has been a failure wherever it has been tried and proved this by citing instances in which the prohibitory law has had no effect.

The discussion, which was carried on by Messrs. Rothney, Cameron, Sharp and Greig, proved very interesting, as the problem was presented to the audience in all its aspects.

The affirmative side was declared victorious by the narrow majority of one vote.

Mr. Chas. A. Hardy, B.A., then gave his criticism, which brought the meeting to a close.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of the Students' Missionary Society was held on Friday evening, November 9th. After various items of business had been attended to the programme of the evening was taken up. It proved to be a decided success.

Mr. N. V. MacLeod rendered an appropriate solo, after

which five minute addresses were given by Messrs. W. G. Brown, B.A., P. Mathieson, Don. Stewart, B.A., and C. E. Lapointe regarding their work during the past summer on the Mission-fields.

The outlook is particularly bright, especially in the Ontario fields, and the work of our Missionaries in Northern Ontario has been crowned with abundant success. One discouraging feature of the English Mission-fields in the Province of Quebec is that our numbers are constantly growing fewer owing to people leaving and French Roman Catholics taking their places, but this discouragement is more than counterbalanced by the encouraging report of our French Missionary.

The light is gradually breaking in upon our French Canadian citizens, and we are led to believe that the day is not far distant when many will be brought to a knowledge of the truth.

The following officers have been elected for this Session :

President—Mr. J. B. MacLeod, B.A.

First Vice-President—Mr. C. F. Cruchon.

Second Vice-President—Mr. E. Turkington.

Recording-Secretary—Mr. J. H. Laverie, B.A.

Corresponding-Secretary—Mr. Don. Stewart, B.A.

Treasurer—Mr. N. V. MacLeod.

Executive Committee—Messrs. H. H. Turner, B.A., A. G. Cameron, W. G. Brown, B.A., C. Lapointe and P. Mathieson.

News Committee—Messrs. E. L. Pidgeon, H. S. Lec, B.A., J. G. Greig, C. A. Hardy, B.A., and A. S. Reid.

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. F. W. Gilmour, formerly of Sawyerville, Que., is at present preaching in the London district.

We congratulate the Rev. D. J. Scott, of East Templeton, Que., that he suffered no serious injuries in the runaway some time ago.

The Rev. J. K. Fraser, B.A., B.D., who occupied the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Fullerton, Charlottetown, purposes spending the coming winter in Philadelphia.

Rev. D. J. Graham, of '97, has resigned from White Lake, Ont. He has been appointed to the Annex Mission Church of Montreal.

We notice the settlement of Rev. Dr. Macrae at North Westminster, and Rev. J. R. Elmhurst at Admaston, Ont. We extend our best wishes for successful work in their new fields of labor.

Rev. E. A. MacKenzie, B.A., B.D., pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, has been preaching to large congregations on subjects of deep practical interest. His sermons on "Final things" were very practical and exceedingly helpful.

Rev. L. Beaton, of '98, at present preaching in Cape Breton, has received an unanimous call to Roxbury and Moose Creek, Ont. We hear that he has accepted the call and wish him every success in his new sphere. A handsome church is in process of construction and will be ready for occupation by the beginning of the new century.

We regret to report that the Rev. Jas. Wheeler has been compelled to resign his charge, owing to continued ill-health. Since he graduated last spring he has been settled at Pottimore and Glenammond. He is recovering very slowly from typhoid fever, but expects to be all right again at the beginning of the year. He is resting at his home, Runnymede, Que.

Rev. W. Russell, B.A., of Bristol, Que., writes wishing our JOURNAL every success. He has been very busy the last few months preaching in different parts of Ontario, Quebec, also in the States of New York and New Hampshire. Very encouraging results have followed his preaching in these places. He is at present in Toronto conducting evangelistic services, after which he will go to Leamington and London, Ont.

We had the pleasure of a short visit from three of our graduates. The Rev. D. D. Millar was with us until the close of his examinations on part of his B. D. work. He had a slight attack of appendicitis which, however, did not long keep him from returning home. At the same time the Rev. D. N. Coburn, B.A., was with us for a few days, finishing his B. D. exams. He engaged in the W. P. D. C. sports and helped materially for our success. The Rev. W. Paterson, B.A., of Buckingham, spent a day with us. He has almost completely recovered.

Rev. H. T. Murray, a graduate of '97, now settled at Birtle, Man., participated in a very interesting event in his neighborhood. This was the baptism of no less than seven adults and children, and the uniting in marriage of five couples. The ceremonies were all the more interesting and influential in that the interested parties were members of the tribe of Indians living on the "Reserve." The event drew a great many people, both Indians and whites, and the Rev. Mr. Murray used this good opportunity to advantage in urging many others to accept the gospel.

The Rev. P. Wright, D.D., whom we mentioned in our last issue as having resigned from Knox Church, Portage la Prairie, was tendered a farewell social previous to his departure to take up century fund work. That his departure was regretted was evidenced by the united expression of esteem from the ministers of the town and vicinity. Addresses were presented to the reverend gentleman by his congregation and by the W. C. T. U. of the town. His congregation expressed their esteem by presenting him with a substantially filled purse. We wish him every success in the work in which he has already shown himself very successful.

J. H. L.

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

Mr. John Young, of the Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, sends to the JOURNAL "The Ascent Through Christ," by the Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, B.A. This is a 469 page crown 8vo. in cloth, published by James Bowden of London, and sells for a dollar and a quarter. It has received the warmest commendation from Dr. Marcus Dods, Professor Iverach, and other competent authorities. The second title of the volume, which explains its purport, is "A Study of the Doctrine of Redemption in the Light of the Theory of Evolution." The author accepts the definition of Evolution as "a continuous progressive change according to certain laws, such as those of heredity, differentiation or spontaneity, and of the progress of the whole; but cautions the reader about adding "by means of resident forces" until he can include therein "the idea of God, without identifying Him with the physical order in and through which Evolution takes place." He adopts Drummond's three miracles of evolution, by which the inorganic became a life organism, the organism a sentient being, and the sentient being a self-conscious spirit. Mr. Griffith-Jones is thus a theistic and Christian evolutionist like Drummond, Le Conte, and Fiske. He seems to have the whole literature of the subject at his fingers ends, and to possess a large acquaintance with recent theological lore. His style is rather too argumentative to be very light reading, although it is always clear and comprehensible, and his pages are occasionally illumined with gleams of eloquence. Very grave difficulties meet him, which he does not shirk; but his solution of them often is far from satisfactory. Always reverent, he at times takes sad liberties with the Old Testament story, and occasionally exaggerates unnecessarily the divergences between scientific discovery and Bible statement. Thus Genesis i., 14-18, places the creation of the heavenly bodies after that of vegetation, and to this Mr. Griffith-Jones objects, as, no doubt, do all the readers of the JOURNAL. But M. Jules Janin, about forty years ago, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*,

in an article which I translated for publication, maintained that the luxurious vegetation of the carboniferous era grew up in an atmosphere so dense with carbonic acid gas as to make the heavenly bodies invisible to a possible earthly beholder. Supposing the late Sir William Dawson's view to be the most natural one, that the creation was revealed to its historian by a series of panoramic pictures, what more likely than that the higher stages of large plant life, having absorbed the darkening gas, which they converted into coal, and having breathed forth pure oxygen, the beholder of the panorama should suddenly have revealed to his gaze the long previously existing sun, moon, and stars? Mr. Griffith-Jones says the Bible was never intended to teach science and history. The first in a sense is true, yet no ancient book is so much in harmony with true science; and I venture to assert, as a life-long student of history, that it is the most accurate history in the world, and infinitely the most valuable for matters of fact. The author believes in the Elohistie and Jehovistic fragments of the higher critics, and regards Genesis down to and including the lives of the patriarchs, as a collection of myths, which, like the parables of our Lord, were made the vehicles of spiritual truth. With such a view I have no sympathy whatever. So-called myth in ancient times is no myth at all, but corrupted tradition, and the Bible stories are singularly pure traditions. Plato and Varro resolved heathen mythology into myth, in order to apologize for the exceeding vileness of the characters of the gods, but Euhemerus, who had seen the graves of some of these gods, knew better. Hengist and Horsa, Arthur, Tarquin, Hercules, even William Tell, Cinderella, Quetzalcoatl, and the Shifty Lad, are no myths, but corrupted traditions of real life. Go back far enough in history and you will find them, but not in the lands in the history of which the so-called myths stand recorded. The original Hengist, for instance, never saw either Saxony or Britain, and he was not a Saxon. He ruled in Babylonia, later probably than the time of the patriarch Jacob, as King of Urukh or Warka, and his name on his monuments is Sin Gasit. He was a Celt of the Celts, for Sin Gasit is the

Gaelic Sean Gaiscidh, the Old Warrior, but Geoffrey of Monmouth, being a Welshman, replaced the Gaelic Sean, old, by its Welsh equivalent Hen, and thus gave to the world no myth, but a distorted tradition, as regards time, place, and nationality, of a very real Hengist. The searching out in history of these ancient characters, whose corrupted story has floated down the ages in all sorts of lands and records, is hard work, and one for which the higher critic, who is only a philologist of one language, has no taste; it is easier for him to call the stories myths, and so cut the Gordian knot. But it is not science.

Mr. Griffith-Jones enlarges upon the Biblical doctrine of sin, and the natural history of sin, in dealing with which he touches on a multiplicity of subjects, the consideration of which would exhaust the Talk. That it was Adam who fell is of no moment to him, for there were many falls, such as those of Cain, Lamech, the sons of God, and the antediluvian world; and those who fell represent humanity in its childhood of knowledge and experience, yet free. He believes that the mingling of the sons of God with the daughters of men refers to the descent of the angels in corporeal form, although the majority of commentators, both ancient and modern, understand by the term "Sons of God" the posterity of Seth. By a strange inconsistency the author homologates the dogma of diabolism, and yet says: "It is thus clear that sin began with man, who is the first earthly creature capable of committing it." Here plainly Mr. Griffith-Jones is distinguishing between man and the brute, which, though noxious often in the highest degree, does not sin by its noxiousness. He should have elaborated the truth that sin was pre-Adamite, it may be, the result of a previous fall on the stage of the earth of pre-Adamite man, now existent but totally disembodied. Our Saviour does not speak of the everlasting fire as prepared primarily for man, but for the devil and his angels. Sin is a woeful thing wherever found, and not to be extenuated; but there is a vast difference between the fall of child-like man under the impulse of cleverly devised temptation, and the autonomous dereliction of his tempter, grown old and wise in

opposition to God and good. What is the place of him and his kindred spirits in the scale of creation and in the history of sin? Mr. Griffith-Jones is careful to disavow dualism as a thing *de jure*, but virtually accepts it for our earth *de facto*. He says (p. 129): "There is a great Over-world divided into sharp and hopeless antagonism, a Kingdom of God and a Kingdom of the Evil One; and these are in conflict for the possession of man's soul. We must be careful, however, once more, not to allow ourselves to imagine that there is here the slightest tendency to teach that system of dualism which was the canker at the root of the philosophic thinking of that time. The devil and his angels are still on sufferance, and, while their influence on the human spirit is great, extending down into his physical condition (Matt. ix., 32, etc.), and causing all manner of painful diseases, the range of their power is strictly limited (Luke viii., 32), they are consistently represented as under the control of Jesus (Matt. viii., 33, 34), and their tenure of influence is in God's good time to come to an end (Luke x., 18)." Between the lieutenancy of the author and the dualism he so much dreads, come the important words of the beloved disciple: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." Mr. Griffith-Jones is also very anxious to separate the realms of physical and spiritual evil, which he says are confounded by the author of "Evil and Evolution," who is obviously an American. This writer said, "Suffering itself is evil, and nothing but evil." And again: "Tigers and hyenas, vultures and sharks, ferrets and polecats, wasps and spiders, puff-adders and skunks, and such creatures are not the result of the creative activity of a perfectly beneficent and omnipotent God, but the work of a Devil, who has maliciously intruded his malignity into the otherwise perfect order and harmony of the world." Mr. Griffith-Jones remarks on this: "That there is such a being, who has interfered in the moral evolution of man, has been the almost universal belief of Christians in all generations, but the Christian doctrine restricts his activity within the moral sphere, and gives him no place in the creation of organic life." Now,

the author of "Evil and Evolution," does not necessarily make the devil a creator, but rather a deformer; and, whatever Christian doctrine may say, Christ's own doctrine said of the woman whom He healed of her spirit of infirmity, "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, *whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years*, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" The problems of evolution are much more complex than the mere naturalist or anthropologist thinks; and Romans viii., 19-23, which includes nature in the results of the fall and in the hope of restoration, must be taken into account more seriously than has been done by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the construction of a Christian scheme of evolution.

In pursuing his chief theme, that of Redemption, the author indicates that, once a living organism leaves the track of development, there is no possible redemption for it. I think it would have strengthened his argument to have added, "in itself;" for the interference of man has in many cases arrested deterioration and led to an upward tendency. So, he says that nations left to themselves, without the light of the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, have degenerated; and, as is the tendency of the nation, such is, of course, that of the individual. The renewal, he says, can only come by interference from the source of life, and this has come as an evolutionary revelation of divinity, which culminated in God manifest in the flesh. I am far from wishing to disparage this glorious truth, but would fain seek the provision made for those to whom the vision came not externally. Peter said, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him," and John virtually declares that, even in order to be able to receive the evolutionary revelation, man must possess "The true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Here then is a divine provision or capacity for redemption in every soul of humanity. Mr. Griffith-Jones shows that by a process of incarnation God condemned sin in the flesh, effected an atonement by vicarious suffering, and made provision for the

perfection of mankind of whom Christ is the ideal. Time and space will not permit the Talk to follow the author through his apologetic arguments, often strong, sometimes weak and imperfect, with Spencer, Pfeiderer, Keim, and many other writers, who make objections to various aspects of the incarnation. But here is a passage that must not be overlooked. "Theology has no falser idea," says Dr. Fairbairn, "than that of the impassibility of God. If He is capable of sorrow, He is capable of suffering; and were He without the capacity for either, He would be without any feeling of the evil of sin or the misery of man. The very truth that came by Jesus Christ may be said to be summed up in the passibility of God. But . . . to be passible is to be capable of sacrifice; and in the presence of sin the capability could not but become the reality. To confine the idea of sacrifice to the Son is to be unjust to His representation of the Father. There is a sense in which the Patripassian theory is right; the Father did suffer, though it was not as the Son that He suffered, but in modes distinct and different. The being of evil in the universe was to His moral nature an offence and a pain, and through His pity the misery of man became His sorrow." Mr. Griffith-Jones accepts this statement, and much more that follows.

It is in no carping spirit that I have criticized this admirable work. Progression in nature, in social life, in revelation, chequered with many a fall and deterioration, all will admit, though many may differ as to the means whereby the immanent God brought the progression about. For those who desire to investigate the process, as set forth by an accomplished scholar, an accurate and fair-minded thinker, and a very devout theologian and Christian man, there is no better book at present than "The Ascent through Christ." It is a library in itself, open to the ordinary reader, be he theologically disposed or not, and one fitted to gratify the most advanced student of divine things. Whatever may be the conclusions the reader arrives at by means of its perusal, he will rise from it a stronger man intellectually, and with his convictions of the truths of sacred revelation strengthened and

confirmed. It contains no idle words, no unnecessary verbiage, but covers the ground set out to be explored with firm and rapid tread, until, through the missionary labours of the Church, it reaches the goal of a redeemed humanity, making the "Ascent through Christ" to Heaven and God. No one can charge Professor Iverach with being a special friend of evolutionary theories, yet he says, "On the book as a whole, we may say that it is one of the ablest, as it is one of the most opportune of those that have appeared in recent years. It is a book emphatically for the time. It speaks directly to those questions which men are asking at present, and deals with real difficulties in a real way. . . . It is a bit of work that required to be done, and it has been done in a masterly way." Every minister and student of theology who can find the time should read what the Spectator calls "A remarkable book," and concerning which Dr. Marcus Dods says, "It reaches the high-water mark of apologetic literature. . . . As a comprehensive summation and criticism of recent thought regarding the relations of evolution to Christianity, it would be difficult to point to any treatise either so full or so persuasive."

Mr. Young also sends "Speaking," by the Rev. William Mair, M.A., D.D., minister of the Parish of Earlstone, Scotland. It is published by William Blackwood & Sons, of Edinburgh and London: contains 174 pages 12mo., in cloth, with beveled edges, and sells for ninety cents. This work was prepared chiefly for the use of candidates for the ministry in need of elocutionary helps, and seems to be admirably adapted for the purpose. The first part deals with Voice Formation, and passes in review the various organs employed in speech, from the lungs to the lips. It also treats of Voice Propulsion, Articulation, Self-Deception in Speech, Naturalness, and the Secret of Success, which is Practice. The second part is devoted to Vowels and Consonants, their individual formation, with examples, and indication of faults. The third considers Words, dealing with dictionaries, affectation and accent. The fourth, on Sentences, passes in review emphasis, inflexion, modulation, intonation, and movement,

and ends with a series of sentence studies. Many valuable hints are given in the fifth part on Public Speaking, in the distinction between actor, reciter and speaker; on preparation; on read, repeated and free speech; on self-possession, self-observation, gesture, the physical element, and imitation. The sixth is on the Pulpit, and the seventh on Stammering. There is rather a good story concerning the Talker and this last infirmity. He was moderator for some time of a vacant congregation, the pulpit of which, however, he rarely occupied. A well-known divine, whose articulation, as a rule, is perfect, through some accident such as may occur at times to any speaker, stumbled once or twice in utterance. This was on a Sabbath evening. The next night a lady called upon me, with many testimonials to the effect that she cured stammering, and adding the statement that a friend of hers had heard me in the church in question, and thought I needed her services. I do not know when I found it so hard to refrain from stammering as when I informed her that I was not troubled that way, as most of the readers of the JOURNAL know.

Dr. Mair does not believe in read sermons. He says: "We come now to *read speech*. By universal consent this is the least effective, and by audiences generally, least appreciated. He who would say something to his fellows, and has got no farther than to put it in writing, institutes at once a prejudice against himself with most people. . . . Guthrie was wont to picture the despairing wooer offering his hand and heart by reading from a written paper." Yet he also says: "We have said the beginner must write, and write thoroughly. We must add that no man at any period of life can speak well unless he writes much and carefully, whether it be on that of which he is to speak, or something entirely different." Dr. Mair has some useful criticisms in connection with public prayer, noting faults that have come under his own observation. "(a) Frequent utterance of the name of God, which is irreverent; as also is a noisy, rough or curt utterance of it. (b) Addressing the Almighty always by the same name, regardless that He has been pleased to make

Himself known to us by many, each with its revelation of Him more appropriate to certain contexts than to others. (c) Too rapid or light toned speech, which is irreverent. (d) The frequent use of some pet expression or some neat sentence. (e) Rambling: going backwards and forwards; no natural or spiritual or logical progression. These are but a few things in a very suggestive little book, that would find an appropriate place on the study table of every student and young minister. The church-going world is divided on the question of spoken and written sermons. Dr. Chalmers was a *fell* reader, and there are many poor speakers. Let every man find out which custom will display his powers at their best, and follow it. Some ministers who are good preachers are very slovenly in their prayers, which, as addressed to God, ought to be better than the part of the service addressed to man. I had almost forgotten a very important fault in prayer cited by Dr. Mair: "Ill-considered expressions, most frequently in confession, e.g., We have not been thankful; We do not trust Thee; Our lives have been full of wickedness. Many people know that this is not their case, and must wonder what manner of man the minister is. In all those subjects there is plenty of room for conviction and confession and penitence, but nothing is gained by untruthful language." In this connection, the Talker has often said to students: Would it be a compliment to your professors, if, after having studied under them from three to seven years, you were to confess that you were still as ignorant as you were before you heard them? What dishonour must it then be to God, to confess that, after long years in Christ's school, you have not profited by the Spirit's teaching as to make a single step of advancement in the Christian life? You say that in public prayer you are the mouth-piece of all classes in the congregation. This is true, and a right thing to remember; but, while you frame some confessions to suit the babes, do not forget to give thanks for the spiritual progress of the strong men and women in Christ Jesus. In so doing, you need not offer up the prayer of the Pharisee. The Psalmist (Psalms xviii., xxvi., lxxiii., cxix., &c.), Job, Jeremiah,

Zacchaeus, Paul, while confessing unworthiness, justified themselves before God as in a measure at least children of wisdom. Take heed lest the confession of sins uncommitted become a license to sin, and lead to frequent spurious conversions at the revivalist's penitent bench. If God's grace has made you truthful, honest, humble, temperate, pure, generous, charitable, why dishonour that grace by publicly denying its efficacy? This is the real hypocrisy.

From the Fleming H. Revell Company comes "The Search-Light of St. Hippolytus; the Papacy and the New Testament in the Light of Discovery," by Parke P. Flournoy, 250 pages, 12mo., decorated cloth, price, \$1. Mr. Flournoy is evidently a minister of the Presbyterian Church in the southern United States, and writes from Bethesda Manse. Since the Talker began teaching church history, nigh on to thirty years ago, his students have been familiar with the name of Hippolytus of Portus, bishop, refuter of heresies, and martyr under the Emperor Maximin, 235-238. But the author of the volume under consideration had his attention called to this father of the church as lately as 1892, by an article of Professor Stokes in the "Sunday at Home." Since then he has read up the literature on the subject, the extant writings of Hippolytus, the Diatessaron or Gospel Harmony of Tatian, and the Rendel Harris new Syriac Gospels. Out of the testimonies furnished by these, he has compiled a very interesting popular treatise, well worthy of the Christian reader's attention. Chiefly from Hippolytus' work on Heresies, for he, Irenaeus and Epiphanius are our chief informants on that subject. Mr. Flournoy brings most damaging evidence against the claims of the Church of Rome and the infallibility of its popes, singling out more especially Zephyrinus and Callistus. In dealing with a branch of the Callistians, in his ninth chapter, he says that one Alcibiades of Apamaca in Syria brought to Rome a book of Elchasai, which "a certain just man, Elchasai, had received from Serae, a town of Parthia." This is a quotation from Hippolytus, who, like all the fathers, except Origen and Jerome, knew no Hebrew. Kurtz states in this connection

the following: "The Fathers derived the designation Elkesaites from Elxai, the founder of that sect—a name which, according to their interpretation, meant "dynamis kekalymmene." But there is probably some misunderstanding about this statement. The sect rather appealed to the Holy Ghost (Hil Chesai) as their teacher, and possessed a book for the initiated, which bore the same title." It is well to remember this, as I have seen in religious papers, from time to time, very disparaging remarks about this sacred name, which the writers would have been among the last men in the world to pen, had they not been misled as to its meaning and application. Mosheim is responsible for perpetuating this error, and his editors have not corrected it. The version of Kurtz is found long before in Dr. Samuel Davidson's English edition of Gieseler's Church History.

After disposing of the Papacy and asserting the early presbyterial government of the Church in Rome, Mr. Flournay assails Baur, Renan, and other deniers of an early canon of the Scriptures of the New Testament, with proofs from all the sources above mentioned of the existence of that canon in the beginning of the second century. Most of this material is found in standard works on the Canon, such as those of Westcott and Gaussen; but a new feature in our author's volume is the introduction of the Syriac Gospels, found by Professor Rendel Harris in the library of the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai in 1894. The text of these Gospels differs in some respects from the original, exhibiting distinct traces of having been tampered with by a Cerinthian heretic, and thus establishing the high antiquity of the original pure text whence it was derived. Mr. Flournoy has invested his apologetic with the charm of a lively style, so that his narrative and argument never drag. He writes with all the enthusiasm of one who has recently discovered what he deems little known and valuable truth. Yet he is careful to mention his authorities, who are in the main scholarly writers. While fitted to interest and instruct the ordinary reader, ministers will also find it very suggestive, not only in itself, but as a model for the study of any father of the early Church.

Mr. Drysdale contributes six books and a magazine. One of the books is a volume in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology, entitled "Religion," by the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's, London. It is a handsome crown 8vo. of 301 pages in blue cloth, antique gilt back and red top, which sells probably for a dollar and a half, and is published by Longmans, Green & Co., of London. Canon Newbolt in thirteen chapters discusses Religion, Orthodoxy, Morality, the Higher Life, the Great Ideal, Obstacles to Religion, Doubts, Divine Help and the Expression of Religion. The discourses are well written in a sermonic way, from the standpoint of an Anglican, who seems hardly to know that there are Christians of any other type, save when, on p. 258, he seems to refer to Spurgeon's Tabernacle disparagingly, and, on p. 272, he quotes Dr. Milligan in regard to the presence of Presbyterian children at the administration of the Lord's Supper. In dealing with Doubts, the unhappy doubter gets no help from the Canon, who simply tells him to obey the Church, give up his doubts, and accept all the teaching of every part of Scripture as the Church gives it to him. The author professes to be neither a ritualist of the Tractarian type nor an Evangelical: certainly he is not broad-church. He is a Churchman, first, last, and always. "Prejudice," he remarks, "or dislike has a great deal to answer for, again, as a fruitful cause of doubt. And in this connection error is no doubt a fruitful parent of mischief. We have a conspicuous example of this in the fact, that, owing to superstition and tolerated abuse of Catholic truth and customs, there is hardly a doctrine of the church which does not stink in the nostrils of the ordinary uninstructed Protestant. Why should there be any objection in itself to such a doctrine as Baptismal Regeneration, except for the mechanical ideas which have been supposed to attach to it? No one would have objected to the doctrine of 'the Real Presence,' had he not been terrified by a gross version of Transubstantiation. Confession, again, is in itself only reasonable. Prayers for the dead appeal to the most simple feelings of natural human piety." This is the strain of the whole book, which is

devout, even earnest at times, but little calculated to bring back wanderers into the narrow Anglican fold it displays.

Mr. Drysdale's second volume is "The Study of the Types," by Ada R. Habershon. This is a 106 page crown 8vo., in gilt cloth, published by Morgan & Scott, London, for a sum unmentioned—I beg Mr. Drysdale's pardon, ninety cents. The author is very enthusiastic over her subject, the treatment of which in various Bible readings she now prints. She wants a conference for the study of the Types; and says, "The higher criticism and the study of the Types cannot go together; for no one who has learnt the spiritual teaching of the Old Testament pictures would believe, or try to prove, that the Bible was not what it claimed to be." She lays down a rule which, if followed implicitly, would ensure a sober interpretation of the word of God. It is this: "We cannot state with certainty that anything is a type unless we have some warrant for doing so. If we can turn to no New Testament passage for our authority, or if there be no expression or analogy which indicates the antitype, it is safer and more correct to call it an illustration." That being the case, the author has many illustrations, among which I may simply indicate the eleventh chapter on "Typical Colours and Substances," but there are plenty more. There is a typology which is a genuine branch of the theological science of hermeneutics or scriptural interpretation. Dr. Fairbairn of Glasgow wrote on it, and long ago there was a popular book called McEwan on the Types, a copy of which a journeyman printer bought at an auction sale, thinking it would be of use to him in his trade. Our Saviour made more use of illustrations than of types. Paul has a few of the latter in Corinthians and Galatians. Though types are not so abundant in the Epistle to the Hebrews as type-seekers generally assert, it contains a sufficient number to make commentators ascribe it to a disciple educated under Alexandrian teachers. But he, though mentioning the furniture of the tabernacle in chapter ix., does not trouble to regard its articles as types; on the contrary, he says, regarding these articles, "of which we cannot now speak particularly." His

main object is not so much to set forth fulfilment as supersedence. He strips away the furniture, and dismisses the imperfect priesthood and sacrifices, to reveal Jesus only. Amateur typology owes its origin to Plato, the author of allegorical interpretation, which he applied to that pagan bible, the Greek mythology. Philo Judaeus of Alexandria, a contemporary of Jesus, applied it to the books of Moses. What Pantaeus, the founder of the Christian school of Alexandria, taught, we don't know, because his writings are lost; but his successors, Clement, Origen, etc., made a general use of it in the interpretation of all Scripture, virtually turning narrative into myth. In modern times the Puritans dealt much in this article, and Bunyan's Solomon's Temple Spiritualized is typology run mad. Swedenborg's Doctrine of Correspondences is as sane. Dr. Eadie said, "the *bizareries* of typical exposition have long been the amusement of the sceptic—the scourge of evangelical truth." If, after this, people care to read "The Study of the Types," it will not be for lack of warning; but it is only just to its author to say that she has written a very reasonable book of its kind, and that her aim is to magnify Christ and His Scriptures. Some of her types are undoubtedly genuine, while many are the offspring of imagination, working along a preconceived system of theology, largely sacrificial in character. While every devout Christian places his confidence in the sacrifice of Christ, all are not agreed as to the types. The Talmud does not agree with Archbishop Magee as to the origin of primitive sacrifice. It says: "Has God pleasure in the meat and blood of sacrifices"? ask the prophets.

No, He has not so much allowed as permitted them. "It is for yourselves," He says, "not for me, that ye offer." A king had a son whom he daily discovered carousing with dissolute companions, eating and drinking. "Eat at my table," said the king, "eat and drink even as pleaseth thee; but let it be at my table, and not with dissolute companions."

The people loved sacrificing, and they made offerings to strange gods; therefore God said to them: "If ye will sacrifice, bring your offerings at least to me." The origin of

primitive sacrifice is a very difficult question, and cannot be taken for granted one way or another; but the amateur typologists know all about it and more beside. The impertinent dogmatism of sheer ignorance is one of the most discouraging features of the religious world. This statement is not intended to apply to the author under discussion, who, as a lady and an earnest Christian woman, is deserving of all respect.

The readers of the JOURNAL, who are neither ministers nor students of theology, and these are not a few, may wonder when the turn of general literature is coming in this so-far theological talk. It comes with Mr. Drysdale's third book, entitled "Hand-book for Literary and Debating Societies," by Lawrence M. Gibson, M.A. This is a 284 page crown 8vo. in gilt cloth, published by Hodder & Stoughton, of London, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for a dollar and a quarter. A much felt want among young men of social literary tastes, this volume was compiled at the suggestion of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, like Job of old, has been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame to very many, lifting out of literary obscurity those, who, but for him, might have lived and died unknown. Some authors, such as Coulson Kernahan, gladly and gratefully acknowledge the debt. I am not so sure of Barrie and Ian Maclaren. It is all very well to put beautiful sentiments into your stories and sermons, and into the lips of your heroes and heroines; but it is better to put their substance into your deeds and lives. Personally, so far as the great body of those who have been my students is concerned, I have no reason to complain, but the very reverse; and the same is true of many other kind friends in the ministry and out of it, whose goodness has often surpassed the Talker's merits. But it is a painful fact that, in many quarters, self-conceit and self-seeking swamp all gratitude and the appreciation of good in others. Why should Dr. Robertson Nicoll go out of his way to set Mr. Gibson up as an author? say some. Why shouldn't I? answers Dr. Nicoll. These questions reveal two classes of men. Would, that we had a Dr. Robertson Nicoll in Canada!

This most useful manual contains brief directions for the conduct of a public meeting; a large number of examples of questions for debate, with arguments positive and negative, and copious lists of literary references, culled from all quarters; a list of further subjects for debate; and hints for essays on a great variety of topics. The College Philosophical and Literary Society should have this book, and what others may be in existence of the same character, in a special library of its own for the use of its members. Among pertinent questions for discussion, a few that are fully treated in the volume may be mentioned. Such are: "Is it part of the duty of a church to provide amusements?" "Are the Churches on the down-grade?" "Is the Christian Church to blame for having incurred the alienation of working men?" "Ought competitive examinations to be abolished?" "Is fasting any use?" "Ought we to obey Mrs. Grundy?" "Should non-conformists adopt liturgies?" "Are modern Christian Missions a failure?" "Is the pulpit losing its power?" "Does Sectarianism spoil Christianity?" "Should unfermented wine be used at the Communion table?" The hints for essays embrace commercial, geographical, historical, literary, political, scientific and social subjects. The literary debutant who fails to find a fitting subject, on which to talk or write in this very complete, lively and entertaining volume, will be hard to please. It has been prepared with great care, and must have cost its author much conscientious labour. The lists of references alone, not to books only, but also to review and magazine articles, are well worth the cost of the book, as every professor will confess, to whom students have applied for authorities on given questions. Professors are not infallible creatures, nor encyclopedias. They have their specialties in which they know pretty much all that is to be known, but there is a wide field beyond, in which Mr. Gibson will prove a readier guide.

Books about animals are in vogue just now. All know those of Rudyard Kipling, Seton Thompson, and W. A. Fraser. Mr. Drysdale sends "Ways of Wood Folk," by William J. Long, first series. This is a 205 page square 12mo., with many illustrations, in illuminated cloth, published by Ginn

& Company, Boston and sells for seventy-five cents. Mr. Long is a naturalist of the observing order, who loves all out of doors. He gives his experiences of foxes and mergansers, rabbits and ducks, orioles and crows, moose and bears, and many other creatures, not forgetting his pet owl, Plato. The stories of his adventures and observations are graphically told, and are well fitted to interest and instruct young readers whom one desires to lead into sympathy with nature. The Talker has a son who knows more about animals, wild and domesticated, than most boys; who has had in his possession, caught on his own demesne or in its vicinity, a fawn, many hares and squirrels, snakes and turtles of different kinds, several crows, a hawk or two, ducks and divers, a gull, an owl, a porcupine, a ground-hog, and many other creatures too numerous to mention. He could tell wonderful stories about these pets, both among themselves, and in their relations with horses, cows, goats, dogs, cats, domestic fowls, guinea-fowls, ducks, and human beings. One black crow called Jimmy, with a pair of clerical bands round his neck, had the effrontery to perch on the shoulder of a governor-general, and, when transferred to a lady's arm, had the honour of being photographed by her Excellency. Now, the possessor of this menagerie, versed also in white mice and rats, rabbits, guinea pigs, monkeys, parrots, canaries, gold fish, newts, chameleons, and who knows what else, says that Mr. Long's "Ways of Wood Folk," is a pretty good book, and I give this to the readers of the JOURNAL as the verdict of an expert. I hope the expert will some day give to the world stories of "Wild Animals I Have Known," which will add to the list already given, bear, moose, partridges and all manner of birds, mink, weasel, muskrat, loon, and other objects of his wood observation or trophies of his gun. Had there been a flaw in Mr. Long's book he would have scented it with a sportsman's keenness.

"Dr. North and his Friends," by T. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., is published by the Copp, Clark Co., of Toronto. It is a crown 8vo. of 499 pages in gilt cloth, and is sold by Mr. Drysdale for a dollar and a quarter. It is a book of pleasant gossip, full of little stories of a refined order, and of literary

quotation. Dr. North and his wife; Vincent, the eminent lawyer, and his; St. Clair, the artist and poet; with Clayborne, the historian and scholar, and his secretary, Sibyl Maywood, constitute the New England Round Table. Crofter, a good humoured, but rather coarse millionaire, who has thriven on the ruins of other men's fortunes, obtrudes himself on the select company, and, though often rebuffed, gains a doubtful footing in its society at home and abroad. The plot of the story, if there be any, circles about St. Clair and Miss Maywood, who, originally deformed and anæmic, though endowed with a beautiful countenance and a fine mind, finds complete restoration in the south of Europe; and the volume ends with the whispered secret of the two older ladies that she and St. Clair understand each other. The reading of this book, which has a charm of its own, like all that Dr. Mitchell writes, calls for the abundant leisure which can afford to progress slowly, and a mind unpreoccupied with other thoughts and cares. It is neither a *Noctes Ambrosianæ* nor an *Autocrat* book, but pertains to the series in which they are found, and which Aulus Gellius first set the example of in his *Noctes Atticæ*, published in the first half of the second century. There are many gems in Dr. Mitchell's book, which those who have patience to read it will soon find, a few droll conceits and witty stories, with much that is commonplace and even tiring except to a Boston audience. There is nothing in it that I remember which stands out so conspicuously as to call for transcription.

Here is a fresh, original, admirably written and stimulating book, "The Infidel," by Miss Braddon. It is a 454 page 12mo., in paper, published by George N. Morang & Company, Toronto, and sold by Mr. Drysdale for seventy-five cents. It is the story of Antonia Thornton, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a literary hack, once the Rev. William Thornton, who lived in London in the reign of George the Second. Crime and misfortune made an infidel of him, and he brought up the daughter who slaved for him to be the same. Lord Kilrush, a wealthy peer, handsome, but past his first youth, and who has Irish estates, comes upon the scene, and loves Antonia, but will not marry her, on account of a

vow he has made, consequent upon the disgrace brought upon him by his first wife. His heir is George Hobart, once a dashing army man, but who turns Methodist, marries a pretty, but vulgar and exacting convert, infinitely beneath him, and works with John Wesley. Thereupon Lord Kilrush disinherits him. Though Antonia and her father are virtually living on his lordship's bounty, she refuses to consent to any union with him short of lawful wedlock. On his death bed, Lord Kilrush, whom she dearly loves, repents, sends for her, and has the marriage celebrated, making her vow never to marry another. This promise she keeps, though much courted for her beauty, her manifold charms and her great wealth. It will please those who revel in tales of acquired riches, to follow Miss Braddon in her account of Antonia, Lady Kilrush's social success, at home and abroad, where her father fortunately ends his intemperate career. A kind-hearted desire to do justice to George Hobart leads to her seeking him out, and offering him a large income. He interests her in benevolent work, and, though still retaining her agnosticism, she gives much, and labours with great self-denial among the poor and suffering in England and in Ireland. Hobart's wife dies, and he and Lady Kilrush are thrown more together. She really loves him, and becomes a sincere Christian, though not of the Wesleyan stamp, nor even of that of the Countess of Huntingdon. He declares his love for her, but, true to her vow to her dead husband, she rejects him with apparent scorn but breaking heart. Then he goes as a missionary to America, where, after a while, John Wesley writes to him of the death of Lady Kilrush, and the fact that he, Hobart, is left her heir. So he comes back to England, leaves Methodism, and rises to be Bishop of Northborough, and leader of the extreme High Church party. Miss Braddon leaves him in his chair, gazing upon a ringlet of Antonia's hair, cut from her dead head thirty years before.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Campbell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned at the bottom right of the page, below the main text.

Editorials.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

It is indeed an eternal truth that "the great forces of nature are both silent and invisible."

There is something very impressive in the steady onward march of Time, which is rapidly bringing us to the summit of the century.

The time is opportune for the Christian Church, by whatever name it may be called, to look back upon the steps by which it has ascended to the lofty eminence which it now occupies.

"Watchman, what of the night?" has echoed and re-echoed down the ages of the past, and now, as never before, as men seek to peer into the mysteries of a new century, their faith, or rather their lack of faith, causes some to tremble as they repeat the question. There are men who have stood upon the towers of Zion, and who through their efforts to guide the Christian Church during the greater part of the present century, have become aged and humbled in the Master's service, and from these living Fathers of the Church comes the reassuring note that He who feedeth the fowls of the heaven will care for His work and for His people throughout the century upon which we are about to enter.

The growing missionary spirit, in spite of the ridicule of the *Canadian Magazine*, has become so widespread in the interests of both the home and foreign field as to indicate that the church goes forward into the new century fully determined to carry out its great commission to preach the gospel to every creature. We are truly part of all that we have met, and there are many things that cling around the history of the church during the present century that are to its dishonour and disgrace. But let us make the stumbling-blocks of the past the stepping-stones for the future and with the blessing of the Head of the Church and of many of His

humble servants, whose record is not found on the honour-roll of men, but on that of a Higher Judge, with the advice of the tried and well-tested men who are still with us, and with the vigour of the younger men who are ready to take up their work, let us step out upon the new century with hearts filled with gratitude for the past, filled with zeal for the cause we seek to uphold and to advance, and filled with hope for the final triumph of the cause of truth and righteousness.

SCIENCE.

The attempt to establish a line between science and liberal culture is an anachronism. We have outgrown the authority of our fathers, who looked with reverence upon a certain group of studies, and shrugged their shoulders at the young parvenu whom they called science. What abuse this small word has received! We hear of theologians who denounce science as hurtful to the cause of Christianity, yet wrongly. If the meaning of the word is determined by etymology, science simply means knowledge. It makes no difference whether the subject be chemistry, philosophy or theology, if the knowledge be definite, consistent and organized. If it be vague, if mere fancy is accepted as a substitute for fact, if dogma is balanced with demonstration, it is not science, it is not knowledge, though it may be brilliant imagination. But etymology does not always determine the meanings popularly attached to words. Whether rightly or wrongly, the word science has become restricted, by tacit popular agreement, to our knowledge of things in contrast to our knowledge of words, or speculations about ideals. When we appeal to nature our conclusions need verification before final acceptance; and these methods, which imply verification, are conventionally called scientific, and if successfully applied to any subject, the knowledge thus acquired becomes scientific.

Thanks be to the scientific spirit which has leavened all modern institutions of learning, that the scientific method is now increasingly applied to subjects which were formerly

bound down by the shackles of tradition. What of political science and economics in our own University of McGill, whose curriculum is larger than that of any other university in Canada? Science has raised to a high and dignified level these subjects which did not seem to be recognized a short time ago as having a place in a liberal education.

Now, the object of an education is to make each one of us as nearly perfect as possible. The determination of educational value depends in every case upon individual needs. Good mental discipline can be acquired by the systematic and earnest study of any subject, if the student has a living conviction of its importance. Any subject may be made a means of liberal culture if both teacher and student are stimulated by the love of knowledge. The law, the medical and the theological schools are all necessary for the higher grades of professional culture, just as the college is for general culture. The student is not harmed, but healthfully stimulated by his recognition of the vital importance to himself of what is drawing forth his best efforts. Let us then welcome every new opportunity that is given us to adapt ourselves to the requirements of modern life, and let us who are in the highest of all professions grasp hands with whatever branch of science that endeavors to enlighten our minds, and to lift us onward and upward in the course of life.

CHRISTMAS.

From childhood that day has had a charm for us all. We have put away as childish the time-honored custom of hanging our stocking, but can never put away, and why should we, the remembrance of the delight of placing this elongated receptacle in the most favorable position for all-wise Santa Claus to fill, or the still greater delight on finding it overflowing with pretty gifts, all so strangely filling many a long desired wish. With the other changes time has wrought we have come to realize more fully the real cause of the world-wide gladness, for it was on this day there was born "In the City

of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." On this day, first at Bethlehem, the angelic choir sang those sweet strains of music, whose divine harmony is wafted down the ages and will continue to echo and re-echo to all eternity. Many are the efforts that have been made to reproduce these celestial strains. Yes, they have failed, but, after all, have they not been an inspiration and uplifting force for the whole art of song. As Prof. Zeno says: "Devout Handels and Bachs and Gounods, as well as Mendelssohns and Wagners, who would not bow the knee to the Babe of Bethlehem, have soared higher and sung more thrillingly, because the heavenly host on that Christmas night, under the clear sky of Syria, praised God and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

VOLS. 1 TO 16.

The University Librarian desires to collect and to have bound in substantial form the above volumes of the PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL. The only way in which this can be done is by the graduates, who have any of these numbers, sending in their copies and thus helping to make the collection complete. A full set of the JOURNAL would, in this way, always be accessible to students and graduates.

All necessary expenses will be paid on these copies which should be addressed to Mr. C. H. Gould, B.A., Librarian, McGill University.

The JOURNAL takes this opportunity of wishing its many readers and friends a very "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

Pactie Française.

JULES BOURGOIN

PAR M. LE PASTEUR R. P. DUCLOS.

Jules Bourgoïn fait parti du quatrième contingent de missionnaires évangéliques au Canada.

En 1840 nous arrivaient MM. Vessot et Amaron.

En 1842 M. et Mme Tanner suivis de près par M. et Mme Doudiet, M. et Mme Vernier, MM. Mari, Solandt et Moret.

En 1853 MM. Van Bueren, Cornu et Ami.

Et au commencement de l'année suivante M. Vernon.

En 1878—quinze ans plus tard, six nouveaux missionnaires débarquaient à Montréal. J'étais parmi ceux qui leur souhaitèrent la bienvenue—La figure calme de M. Muraire, le plus âgé de tous, sa taille élancée, attiraient d'abord l'attention. Puis on remarquait, à ses côtés, une dame d'un fort embonpoint, à la parole facile, qui avait l'air de nous dire : Voilà mon mari et surtout voilà ma famille ; n'est-ce pas par là de beaux et surtout de bons garçons ? Et en effet elle avait bien raison— ; différents de caractère et d'apparence, ces jeunes frères vous laissaient sous une impression agréable : l'un d'eux, court, fortement bâti pour le travail et la fatigue, se tenait à l'écart ; un autre, au port timide, à la parole modeste ; un troisième blond, aux fortes épaules, à la figure ouverte avec une bouche où se dessinait volontiers un sourire ; à ces portraits on a reconnu nos amis Garayt, Boy et Gatignol. Dans ce groupe on distinguait un tout jeune homme, grand, mince, droit comme un i. d'une nature assurément nerveuse qui semblait vous dire : tout jeune que je suis, me voici prêt à travailler.

Il y avait dans son approche, dans son sourire aimable, dans ses manières, quelque chose qui plaisait—après quelques mots échangés, on l'aimait.

Jules Bourgoïn naquit à Glay, petit village du Jura, devenu célèbre dans le monde chrétien par l'institut de M. Jaquet dont les souvenirs sont si intéressants et l'influence si étendue.

A l'époque que nous évoquons de 1860 à 1868, l'institut avait déjà fourni bien des instituteurs et bien des évangélistes. Le fondateur, déjà vieux, se voyait entouré d'enfants et de petits enfants ; les élèves de ces temps déjà reculés n'ont pas oublié la famille de son gendre Taquella.

Elevé au pieds d'une mère pieuse, Jules Bourgoïn subit de bonne heure l'heureuse influence d'un christianisme pure et



JULES BOURGOÏN

et d'une foi confiante. Il ne faudrait pourtant pas se figurer qu'il fut un petit saint ; Il était comme la plupart des enfants de son âge, turbulent, aimant le jeu, et les armes à feu dont les détonations ne l'effrayaient pas ; c'est en s'amusant avec le

gros pistolet que son grand père avait traîné dans les campagnes de Napoléon 1er qu'il faillit perdre la main ; cet accident donna un autre cours à ses dispositions. Il avait toujours montré pour la mécanique un goût qui lui a souvent été utile dans la suite lorsqu'il avait à surveiller des travaux, ou l'installation de machines. Ses parents, prévoyant les difficultés que cet accident lui créerait, le vouèrent à l'enseignement.

Chaque jour il descendait de la montagne et venait se joindre aux enfants Taquella ; c'est à cette école de famille qu'il se prépara à entrer à l'institut.

Son maître de chant remarque à ce sujet que les enfants Taquella chantaient comme des rossignols, mais que le petit Jules n'avait ni voix, ni oreille et qu'il n'a jamais pu lui faire chanter une note juste. Ayant dû renoncer à roucouler dans la société de ses petits camarades de classe, il se livra avec plus d'ardeur à l'étude de la grammaire et de l'histoire.

Rien dans sa vie et ses dispositions, remarque un de ses maîtres, ne faisait à cette époque pressentir le missionnaire ; de sorte que ses collègues, qui l'avaient précédé de quelques années, furent aussi surpris, que réjouis, de voir que leur jeune ami avait comme eux répondu à l'appel que leur avait adressé M. Vernon au nom de la société de mission franço-canadienne.

Ce n'est pas tout de s'assurer le concours d'hommes dévoués qui arrivent de pays étrangers. Le succès dépend après les directions de l'Esprit Saint, de la juste et sage distribution du travail et des ouvriers.

Ceux qui se souviennent de MM. James Court et John Dougall et des Drs Wilkes et Taylor et de tant d'autres, savent combien on faisait alors de la distribution des ouvriers dans leurs champs, un sujet de prière.

La Pointe-aux-Trembles était à cette époque le rendez-vous des nouveaux convertis, découragés de la lutte qu'ils avaient à soutenir et de l'opposition qu'ils avaient à rencontrer ; des missionnaires épuisés qui venaient récupérer leurs forces à l'ombre de ce toit hospitalier, et des nouveaux Évangélistes qui venaient s'y orienter.

Jules Bourgoïn visita la Pointe-aux-Trembles dans la société de ses futurs compagnons de travail. A la vue de

cette jeunesse penchée sur ses livres, son instinct et son goût pour l'enseignement se réveillèrent. Il aurait voulu commencer là son travail. " Je vins, disait-il vingt ans plus tard, à la Pointe-aux-Trembles, j'aurais voulu y rester ; j'étais instituteur, la jeunesse, l'école, l'enseignement me souriaient.

Pour l'enseignement en France, il était prêt ; il avait pris son brevet avec distinction ; pour enseigner dans la province de Québec, il ne l'était pas ; il avait quelques expériences à faire ; il fallait qu'il apprît à connaître le peuple, et pour cela qu'il vint en contact avec lui, le vit chez lui, comprit ce qui lui manquait.

C'est dans la capitale de la province qu'il devait faire ces expériences. Dieu prépare ses serviteurs pour l'œuvre qu'Il veut leur confier. Le comité plaça ce jeune homme sous la direction du plus vieux et les soins maternels de la seule dame qui faisaient partie de ce contingent.

Jules Bourgoin suivit M. et Mme Muraire à Québec—ce fut son Arabie, son désert, ses jours d'épreuves et de préparation.

Il avait montré dans sa tendre jeunesse du goût pour le sport et les exercices violents ; et plus tard, ici, il nous a plusieurs fois montré qu'il ne craignait ni la rame, ni les longues marches, ni l'ascension des montagnes. Ses expériences à Québec lui en fournirent plus qu'il n'en avait jamais rêvé " Ce fut, dit-il lui-même, une rude école, mais les bonnes leçons ne sont jamais trop chères : froid, neige, tempêtes, longues marches et par dessus le marché, les injures, les moqueries et même les coups," rien ne lui fut épargné.

Ici vient se placer un incident qu'il aimait à raconter comme preuve de la protection dont son Dieu l'entourait. Il revenait de colporter et traversait les plaines d'Abraham, quand il se vit suivi d'hommes à la figure menaçante. Arrivé à l'endroit le plus isolé, une pierre, habilement lancée, vint le frapper, puis une seconde, une troisième. Une pluie de projectiles, tomba autour de lui. Un voile lui passa devant les yeux et il tomba. Ce qui se passa il ne l'a jamais su. Mais quand la connaissance lui revint il était couvert de sang, son sac vide et ses livres déchirés, répandus de tous côtés. Il se releva, refit

sa toilette, ramassa ses livres et se dirigea vers la ville. Sur son chemin il rencontra un groupe d'hommes, reconnut l'un de ses agresseurs et allant droit vers lui, le saisit par le revers de son habit et lui demanda ce qu'il lui voulait. C'est que, fort de son droit et de la sainteté de la cause qu'il représentait, il aurait voulu livrer à la justice ses assaillants ; mais ils lui firent lâcher prise et l'obligèrent à rentrer tranquillement en ville.

Le séjour de Québec ne fut pourtant pas sans joies. Il se fit de nombreux amis parmi les convertis et surtout dans la population protestante. Il n'y a que quelques semaines Mme Geggie fille du Col. Gogy de courageuse mémoire, lui envoyait en souvenir des beaux moments passés dans sa société, un joli "Cosy" portant deux dates 1869-1900 qui renferment toute son activité comme colporteur, instituteur, directeur et pasteur. Le travail de préparation tirait à sa fin. L'épreuve l'avait mûri. Il commençait à connaître les Canadiens, leurs faiblesses, leurs aspirations, leurs besoins et leurs ambitions.

La guerre franco-prussienne avait éclaté. De son village natal, où vivaient son vieux père et sa vieille mère, on entendait gronder le canon prussien. La nouvelle des désastres de l'armée française lui arrivait et jetait l'angoisse dans son âme. Québec attendait avec anxiété les nouvelles transatlantiques et chaque soir le cœur de cette vieille ville battait pour la mère patrie en détresse. Le faubourg St-Roch montait vers la haute ville et venait exprimer ses sympathies et ses douleurs aux portes du Consulat français. Bourgoin aurait voulu embrasser ces braves québécois qui l'avaient fait tant souffrir. Et pourtant il voyait là la main de Dieu. Sa patrie n'avait-elle pas fait souffrir, exterminer ses coréligionnaires ? Tout récemment ne leur avait-elle pas refusé la liberté de conscience ? Et inspirée par les Jésuites n'avait-elle pas maintenu avec ses armes le pape sur son trône ? Le patriotisme et le protestantisme se disputaient ses sympathies. Il en voulait à l'impératrice Eugénie qui avait imprudemment conseillé et fait déclarer la guerre.

Il était dans cet état d'âme quand il fut appelé à Montréal où nous le trouvons à la tête d'une petite école où il devait

faire ses dernières expériences avant d'arriver à la Pointe-aux-Trembles, dans l'automne 1871. Quatre ans il enseigna sous la direction de MM. C. Tanner et Desilets. Les témoignages que ces deux directeurs donnent à la fidélité de Bourgoin sont vraiment touchants et font honneur autant aux directeurs qui ont su le découvrir qu'au jeune instituteur qui a su les inspirer.

C'est dans cette période qu'il épousa Mlle Rondeau qui dès lors partagea le travail et les soucis de son mari.

A la mort de M. Desilets, en mai 1875; Jules Bourgoin fut appelé à la direction des deux instituts, position qu'il a occupée jusqu'à sa mort.

Il y aurait beaucoup à dire, des volumes à écrire, sur l'œuvre accomplie, l'influence exercée, les conversions des jeunes gens, les fatigues endurées, les transformations opérées dans les établissements; mais il faut me restreindre et rester dans les limites d'un article de Revue.

Jules Bourgoin n'était pas un homme de beaucoup de paroles; il parlait peu, mais il était clair, ferme et incisif.

Un soir, il vint à toute l'école l'idée de s'amuser—là rien d'étrange que la nature de leur amusement—il fut convenu que le cri de tous les animaux domestiques serait imité à un moment donné. Le moment venu, on peut se représenter le vacarme, au milieu de ce bruit étrange où le chien aboie, le chat miaule, le coq chante, la brebis bêle, le bœuf beugle.

M. Bourgoin entre; le silence se fait et remarque calmement que ces établissements n'avaient pas été ouverts pour l'élevage du bétail; on ne recommença plus.

Au début de son administration, encore un peu de la vieille école, il avait cru devoir infliger au corps les châtiements dus aux écarts de jugement et de conduite; mais dans la suite, la note dominante a été l'ordre par l'amour et le travail. Il aimait ses élèves et comprit qu'il valait mieux discipliner par le travail, ne laissant pas à ses élèves le temps de se dérouter.

Un jour que dans son village, il regardait avec ses camarades de jeu, un cheval, on lui dit que ce fier animal était indomptable; "indomptable! s'écria-t-il, aidez-moi à le monter

et nous verrons." On le hissa là-haut, il saisit les rênes. et lança le cheval à toute bride et disparut dans un tourbillon de poussière. Il y avait déjà plusieurs minutes que ses camarades l'avaient perdu de vue ; il commençait à s'inquiéter et allaient ébruiter l'évènement quand on le vit reparaitre au contour de la route sur sa bête hors d'haleine et blanche d'écume, le cheval était dompté. Il ne lui avait pas donné le temps de penser à ses fantaisies de poulin.

C'est ainsi que M. Bourgoïn en agissait avec ses jeunes gens ; il remplissait leur temps, bourrait leur mémoire et leur intelligence de tant de faits nouveaux et d'idées nouvelles qu'ils n'avaient pas le temps d'être indociles.

A l'habileté, il savait mêler un tact parfait, mesurant l'exercice aux forces et la matière enseignée à la réceptivité de l'élève.

On sait aussi avec quelle patience il désarmait les plus rebelles et de quel enthousiasme il savait inspirer les plus obstinés, et cela non dans la classe en présence de tous, mais dans son cabinet où il les appelait, les mettait en face de leur conscience, en face du devoir, et ne les lâchait que lorsque, tout honteux, l'élève s'était solennellement engagé à mieux faire. L'élève ne sortait de ses entrevues que plus confus et le maître plus aimé.

LE PASTEUR.

Il y avait déjà douze ans qu'il dirigeait les instituts ; l'œuvre pastorale sans être tout-à-fait négligée, laissait à désirer. Les sacrements étaient célébrés par des pasteurs de Montréal ; M. Bourgoïn sentait la lacune ; désireux de se mieux qualifier pour la sphère d'activité toujours plus importante où depuis des années il s'était dépensé, entreprit, sous la direction du Consistoire de Montréal, un cours complet d'études théologiques. Après avoir subi d'excellents examens, il demanda la consécration et sa demande fut agréée avec plaisir en novembre 1889. Ses élèves heureux de la promotion de leur directeur avaient saisi cette occasion pour lui offrir un souvenir propre à marquer la circonstance.

J'extraits les paroles suivantes du court accusé de réception qu'il leur adressa :

“ J'aime la Pointe-aux-Trembles, leur dit-il, parce qu'il y a treize ans que je travaille, que je jouis et permettez-moi d'ajouter, que je souffre dans ce petit coin favorisé. En arrivant sur cette terre étrangère j'y trouvais ma langue, mon peuple, des cœurs nobles et généreux, c'était une autre patrie ; j'avais vingt ans, je me pris à l'aimer. Après mon installation comme directeur, je m'attachai à mes élèves—les voir grandir, se former, s'instruire, puis réussir dans la vie, telle était mon ambition. Leur inspirer l'amour de la patrie et de la famille, leur mettre dans la main le flambeau de la vérité, était mon plaisir. Les années ont passé presque inaperçues ; le travail leur a donné des ailes ; mais nous avons pu voir bien des épis jaunis, bien des gerbes dorées prêtes pour les greniers du Seigneur, voilà pourquoi j'aime la Pointe-aux-Trembles.

.....L'école missionnaire est un phare historique qui restera debout dans les annales du protestantisme français au Canada. Les événements renverseront peut-être ses murs, la charrue passera sur ses ruines ; mais son œuvre, son influence, rien ne saurait les détruire et parmi les aînés de sa grande famille il se trouvera plus d'un historien pour en perpétuer la mémoire. “ quelqu'un lui ayant exprimé l'espérance qu'il ne se laisserait pas entraîner loin de la Pointe-aux-Trembles, il lui répondit : Pour que je m'en éloigne, il faudrait que la main du Tout-Puissant m'en arrachât comme on arracherait une brique de ces vieux murs qui depuis quarante-trois ans se rient de toutes les tempêtes.”

Directeur et pasteur, il exerça cette double fonction avec une dignité qui lui a valu l'estime de tous ceux qui l'ont connu et suivi.

Les camarades sont assez bons juges de leurs amis et généralement assez sévères. L'un d'eux écrivait à un ami : “ Sais-tu que je viens de la Pointe-aux-Trembles et que j'y ai entendu notre petit Jules. Je n'en croyais pas mes oreilles. Il parle fort bien d'une manière sentie et convainquante,” du reste tout ce qui est senti trouve le chemin du cœur.

Instituteur en hiver et missionnaire en été, il visitait les nombreux homes de ses élèves qui partout l'accueillaient avec affection. Nous dirons avec le Dr McVicar : " Nul ne saurait dire les résultats bénis de son activité pastorale. Que de familles ont ainsi appris à connaître l'amour de Dieu ! "

LE SOIR ET SES OMBRES.

Ajoutez à ce double travail, les soucis des dernières années : A la tête d'une grande école où depuis quelque temps la maladie venait de temps en temps faire une ou deux victimes, à la recherche des meilleures mesures salutaires, au chevet de ses chers malades ; sentant que l'avenir et l'utilité de ses établissements étaient menacés, il travaillait sans relâche, tantôt avec les élèves, tantôt avec les ouvriers qui établissaient des filtres ou creusaient des puits.

Enfin, il trouva le nœud de la difficulté et put congédier les causes de maladies qui lui avaient fait passer tant de nuits d'insomnie. Il avait triomphé, avait réussi à rassurer tout le monde, parents et amis, sur l'état sanitaire des établissements.

Mais il se sentit lui-même atteint à son tour, d'une maladie lente mais inexorable qui devait l'emporter.

Il ne s'en rendait pas compte ; jeune encore, plein d'activité et d'espérance, il comptait sur un prochain rétablissement et la reprise de ses travaux.

Tout l'hiver, il suivit de sa chambre avec un vif intérêt, le travail des diverses classes, accordant de temps en temps à ses chers élèves, de courtes et touchantes entrevues que les plus avancés n'oublieront jamais.

Le printemps arriva enfin et avec lui les exercices de clôture. La chapelle s'était remplie de jeunesse, d'amis et de parents : les examens avaient mis les élèves à l'épreuve, les chants et les récitations s'étaient suivis, mais une ombre planait sur cet assemblage. Chacun sentait qu'à deux pas, retenu dans sa chambre, un ami aussi bien qu'un directeur, souffrait de la double souffrance du corps et du cœur.

Dans la soirée, à la convocation finale, les deux écoles, de filles et de garçons, réunies dans la chapelle, attendent le résultat de leurs travaux appréciés par des chiffres. Maîtres

et maîtresses sont présents, le silence le plus parfait règne ; quand, enveloppé dans son long pardessus qu'il portait dans les grands froids, M. Bourgoin sort de sa chambre, traverse les corridors, longe la classe et paraît dans la porte de la chapelle. L'émotion éclate et se manifeste par des applaudissements difficilement comprimés. Et de sa voix sonore que donne quelquefois la faiblesse, il leur adresse la parole, leur dit son affection ; combien il éprouve de bonheur à les revoir après une longue séparation, si jeunes, si beaux, de cette beauté que prête l'affection, et qui fait qu'un père admire ses enfants, et passant à la pratique, leur montre que la chose qu'il importe à tout homme, à toute femme c'est le devoir, le devoir compris, le devoir accompli, le devoir d'être honnête. . . . Et les gorges se serrent, l'émotion gagne l'auditoire, les larmes coulent.

Le lendemain, il vit les écoles se vider et cette belle jeunesse reprendre le chemin de la maison. Il lui dit un silencieux adieu, espérant bien la revoir en automne. Il ne la revit plus.

Tout l'été il vécut dans l'attente, sentant sans se l'avouer, ses forces l'abandonner. Ses amis qui le voyaient à de courts intervalles, s'apercevaient des progrès de la maladie, mais le trouvaient toujours animé de ce courage qui ne cède pas et de cette foi qui ne s'obscurcit ni ne s'ébranle, entrevoyant l'invisible et rassurant son entourage immédiat.

Le 10 septembre, sentant la fin venir, il réunit tous les siens, femmes et enfants et les remit entre les mains de Son Père céleste en appelant sur eux toutes ses bénédictions et s'endormit.

Singulière coïncidence—nous devrions dire admirable voie de la Providencé—son vieux père qu'il avait fait venir de France et qu'il avait entouré de la plus tendre sollicitude, se mourait à quelques pas de lui. Unis dans la vie, ils devaient l'être dans la mort, ils se suivirent à quelques heures de distance, sans le savoir pourtant.

Je reproduis presque *in extenso* l'allocution que le professeur Coussirat prononça à l'occasion du service funèbre célébré dans la chapelle ou il avait prêché depuis tant d'années.

DERNIÈRES SCÈNES.

“ Le voilà donc terminé ce long combat contre la souffrance qui nous a fait passer par tant d’alternatives de crainte et d’espoir.”

Il repose enfin dans la paix, la paix de la tombe et la paix du ciel, celui dont la vie entière n’a été qu’un continuel labeur. Je ne me croyais pas destiné à présider cette triste cérémonie. Selon l’ordre naturel des choses, Jules Bourgoïn aurait dû accompagner quelques-uns d’entre nous à leur dernière demeure, et survivre à son père qui le suivit de si près, à sa mère courbée sous le poids des années. Sa présence semblait si nécessaire à l’épouse dévouée, aux petits enfants qui le perdent prématurément. Notre œuvre paraissait s’éclamer si longtemps encore le concours de son expérience !

Dieu l’a pris à lui. ‘ Il donne le repos à ceux qu’il aime.’ A nous la douleur ! A lui la félicité ! ‘ Heureux dès à présent les morts qui meurent dans le Seigneur ! Oui dit l’Esprit, car ils se reposent de leurs travaux, et leurs œuvres les suivent.’ ...

.....

Nous célébrions, il y a peu de temps, le vingt-cinquième anniversaire de son entrée en fonctions, et sa compagne recevait une juste part de la gratitude des anciens élèves de l’école et des hommages du comité. Au milieu d’occupations qui auraient absorbé un esprit moins vigoureux, et en vue d’accomplir plus de bien, il avait su trouver le temps de compléter les études exigées par notre Eglise pour le saint-ministère,

On peut dire que son ‘ zèle l’a dévoré.’ Croyant n’avoir rien fait tant qu’il lui restait quelque chose à faire, il n’a pas assez ménagé ses forces. Et il a succombé, avant l’âge, victime du sentiment exagéré de ses devoirs. Qu’ils sont rares, mes frères, ceux qui méritent un tel reproche !

Mais ‘ ses œuvres le suivent.’ Il était trop humble pour y compter, ou même y penser. C’est pourtant là un sujet de consolation pour les siens et pour nous.

Non, ‘ son travail n’a pas été vain auprès du Seigneur.’ Avec joie, avec actions de grâces, nous pouvons montrer les

nombreux jeunes gens que Dieu a amenés à l'Évangile par son moyen ; l'instruction solide et pratique qu'il leur a donnée avec ses collaborateurs ; les malades qu'il a soignés, les mourants qu'il a consolés, les messagers de l'Évangile qui lui doivent d'avoir compris l'appel du Maître et d'y avoir répondu, les élèves qu'il a cherchés et trouvés dans les campagnes pour les préparer à devenir des citoyens utiles à leur pays et des chrétiens fidèles dans l'Église de Jésus-Christ, les amis qu'il a gagnés à notre œuvre par ses visites ; enfin—car nous ne pouvons tout dire—l'exemple d'une vie consacrée au service de Dieu...

Oh ! c'est là une belle, une noble vie ! Je voulais être sobre d'éloges devant sa dépouille mortelle, ne pas trop écouter mon cœur dans ce moment solennel. Mais les faits seuls le louent.

Il ne faut pas que le juste meure sans qu'on y prenne garde, et plus modeste a été l'homme, plus ceux qui lui survivent doivent honorer son dévouement silencieux. C'est d'ailleurs rendre gloire à Dieu que de rappeler l'œuvre de ses serviteurs.

Souvenons-nous en effet que la source de sa vie bienfaisante était dans sa foi : sa foi en la grâce de Dieu, indépendamment de tout mérite propre ; sa foi en Jésus-Christ mort pour nos offenses, ressuscité pour notre justification, l'unique Médiateur entre Dieu et les hommes, le seul Sauveur devant qui nous devons fléchir le genou ; sa foi au Saint-Esprit, le Consolateur, qui rend témoignage dans nos cœurs que nous sommes enfants de Dieu ; sa foi en la vie éternelle promise aux rachetés du Seigneur."

*
* *

Il y a quelques semaines, je me promenais dans la société d'un riche horticulteur qui me montrait avec orgueil ses arbres chargés de fruits, quand mon regard s'arrêta sur un pommier de belle taille, mais avec des signes évidents de dépérissement. 'Eh bien ! oui, dit-il, en voici un qui se meurt d'épuisement. Depuis vingt ans, il n'a pas manqué une saison... Chaque année il m'a tendu les bras chargés de fruits."

C'est l'impression que l'on éprouve au souvenir de notre ami Jules Bourgoïn. Il s'est usé avant le temps.

J'ai cherché un mot, une formule qui le résumât—et je l'ai trouvée. Jules Bourgoin aimait le travail et son travail ; on ne suspend pas volontiers une occupation qui vous rend heureux. On sait si ses hivers étaient remplis et s'il savait utiliser ses étés. Il avait la passion du devoir, parce qu'il y trouvait son plaisir et son bonheur. C'est ainsi que, sans s'en douter peut-être, il donnait sa vie pour atteindre son but. Des centaines de jeunes gens pourraient nous dire dans quelle mesure il a réussi. Ils n'ont pas oublié l'accueil reçu, la prédication simple et évangélique qui a éveillé leur conscience, les réprimandes et les conseils affectueux qu'ils savent donner au moment opportun.

Et dire qu'il faisait cela depuis 29 ans. Oui, il est mort d'épuisement. La maladie qui l'a emporté n'était pas héréditaire, puisque son père et sa mère ont atteint l'âge avancé de 85 ans.

Ces deux cercueils du fils et du père exposés dans la chapelle du collège offraient un spectacle saisissant. Nous avons remarqué une croix et une ancre en fleurs que des amis catholiques romains étaient venus déposer sur sa tombe ; des couronnes, tribut d'élèves reconnaissants, et une en particulier, grande et belle dans les fleurs de laquelle on lisait le mot 'Merci' en petites immortelles, qui révélait une pensée profonde. Pasteurs, amis, collègues, on était venu de près et de loin pour honorer une mémoire qui ne s'effacera pas de longtemps. Les directeurs des écoles de la Grande-Ligne, de Sabrevois et de Greene Avenue ont rendu hommage à la largeur de vues et à l'élévation de pensées du défunt ; ce qui avait été pour eux une inspiration et donnait à ce deuil, dont chacun sentait la profondeur, un caractère national.

Ici, la plume se refuse à peindre les scènes déchirantes à la levée du corps.

Et puis ces deux cercueils défilèrent devant de nombreux amis, de nombreux collègues, devant une nombreuse famille et surtout devant l'épouse et la mère. Une vieille dame de quatre-vingt, cinq ans, jetant dans l'air, à son vieux compagnon, un poignant adieu et un sublime au revoir.

Une religion, qui grave dans les cœurs de telles convictions et fait entrevoir à travers les larmes une nouvelle terre et de nouveaux cieux, est inspirée d'en Haut. Parceque je vis, vous aussi vous vivrez a dit le Maître. Ses serviteurs ne l'oublient pas.

Nous venons de tirer le rideau sur cette vie dont l'influence déjà bien répandue, se prolongera loin dans l'avenir.

UN DERNIER MOT.

Un ami me disait hier : " N'oubliez pas de faire ressortir sa popularité, car Bourgoïn était populaire," c'est-à-dire qu'il était du peuple ; qu'il connaissait le peuple et qu'il l'aimait au point d'être tenté de parler son langage. Il s'y intéressait et le peuple qui le sentait, l'aimait à son tour.

Populaire aussi parce qu'il était patriote—non qu'il s'occupât de politique, ou eut épousé les intérêts de l'un ou l'autre parti qui se disputent le pouvoir—patriote dans un sens plus élevé.

Le Français s'acclimate difficilement. Il émigre, mais rêve son retour dans la patrie. Il ne peut oublier ses mœurs faciles, ses plaines et ses montagnes, ses vignes et ses centres brillants d'intelligence et d'esprit. Et qui l'en blâmera ? Il travaille et mange à l'étranger, il vit là-bas. Dans ces conditions, on peut se rendre agréable, la société d'un français est toujours agréable. Mais on risque sa popularité.

Bourgoïn était populaire parcequ'il était devenu sincèrement Canadien ; contrairement à la disposition nourrie par l'émigrant de la Grande-Bretagne et de la France, il n'était pas sous l'impression qu'il y a dégénération, mais trouvait plutôt une certaine dignité et une certaine noblesse à rattacher sa fortune et son avenir à la fortune et à l'avenir du pays où il a vécu et élevé sa famille.

Londres a appris au sud de l'Afrique et Paris à son Exposition que leurs petits enfants qui ont fait souche au Canada ne sont en rien inférieurs au Yeomen de la Grande-Bretagne ou au Normand desquels, pour la plupart, ils descendent.

Bourgoïn avec un flair qui lui fait honneur, avait compris le secret. Il aimait le pays de son adoption et avait confiance dans son avenir.

Inconsciemment, ceux qui l'ont connu lui savaient gré de cette largeur de vue, de l'affection qu'il leur prodiguait et de ce sentiment vraiment canadien qu'il n'a jamais craint d'exprimer en toute occasion publique ou privée. N'est-ce pas là le secret de son succès et de sa popularité ?

NOTE.—Nous sommes heureux d'offrir à nos lecteurs, comme souvenir, cette esquisse biographique du regretté directeur M. J. Bourgoïn, dûc à la plume de M. le pasteur R. P. Duclos.

Oui, c'est bien là ce qu'était notre ami : Un homme du devoir, une vie trop bien remplie, dont l'amour, le dévouement et le sacrifice en furent les seuls mobiles.

Notre cher collaborateur ne prétend pas avoir donné tout ce qu'il y aurait à dire en présence d'une telle vie trop tôt éteinte. Cependant, nous devons admettre qu'il a admirablement bien réussi à faire ressortir les traits, les plus caractéristiques, de la belle âme de celui qui n'est plus, mais qui nous parlera longtemps encore.

C. F. C.

PENSÉES

“ Nul n'est heureux comme un vrai chrétien, ni raisonnable, ni vertueux, ni aimable. Avec combien peu d'orgueil un chrétien se croit-il uni à Dieu ? Avec combien peu d'objectivité s'égalé-t-il aux vers de la terre ?

Qui peut donc refuser à ces célestes empires de les croire et de les adorer ? Car n'est-il pas plus clair que le jour, que nous sentons en nous-mêmes des caractères ineffaçables d'excellence ? Et n'est-il pas aussi véritable que nous éprouvons à toute heure les effets de notre déplorable condition ? Que nous crie donc ce chaos et cette confusion monstrueuse sinon la vérité de ces deux états, avec une voix si puissante, qu'il est impossible d'y résister ?

L'incarnation montre à l'homme la grandeur de sa misère, par la grandeur du remède qu'il a fallu.

La vertu d'un homme ne doit pas se mesurer par ses efforts mais par ce qu'il fait d'ordinaire.”—Pascal.

—C.... Pouvez-vous me changer cette pièce pour l'Eglise ?

—R.... Non, mon principe ne me permet pas cela le dimanche.

—R.... Mad. M. a une jolie f—lle vous devriez vous pousser

—C.... Votre principe vous permet-il de parler des f—lles le dimanche ? .

ERRATUM

N° 1 page 92 lisez : Mais nous ne pouvons oublier qu'ils pleurent.... ceux qu'il a laissés derrière lui.

C'EST NOËL !

Toi qui penches vers la terre
 Un front morne et soucieux,
 Toi qui pleures, solitaire,
 Aujourd'hui lève les yeux :
 Percant le plus sombre voile,
 Illuminant tout le ciel,
 Cette éblouissante étoile,
 C'est Noël ! C'est Noël !

De sa splendeur adorable
 Dépouillant la majesté,
 Dans un berceau misérable
 Jésus dort, emmailloté.....
 Au sein de la nuit profonde,
 Voici l'espoir d'Israël !
 Voici le Sauveur du monde :
 C'est Noël ! C'est Noël !

Il nous aime et nous délivre,
 Il nous guide et nous défend ;
 Ah ! qui donc craindrait de suivre
 Les pas du divin enfant ?
 Ce n'est point un jour de joie,
 C'est un bonheur éternel
 Que le Père nous envoie.....
 C'est Noël ! C'est Noël !

--TII. MONOD.

WISE WORDS.

"Conduct is three-fourths of character."—Mat. Arnold.

"All service ranks the same with God."—Robt. Browning.

"There is but one virtue, the eternal sacrifice of self."—Geo. Sand.

"All experience is new to him who newly experiences."

"Jesus Christ alone can save the world, but he can't save the world alone."—Graham Taylor.

"I have grown up on the battlefield, and a man like me cares little for the lives of a million men."—Nap. Bonaparte.

"Of mighty men and of great rivers the sources are obscure."

"It is easier to do one great deed than to do a thousand little ones."—Oriental Proverb.

"Character is not a thing of words, but of life and being."—Robertson, of Brighton.

God is greater and truer in our thoughts than in our words. He is greater in reality than in our thoughts."—St. Augustine.

"The highest thought that ever entered my mind is the thought of my individual responsibility to God."—Dan. Webster.

A noted Scotch divine once said: "A wise man will not set his watch by the clock, but by the sun. Neither will he take his doctrine from the opinions of men, but from the Bible itself."

Lord Kelvin, after fifty-five years of great work in science, said: "When I think of what is yet to accomplish and what I have accomplished, the proper word to express my work is not success, but failure."

"Every man is good enough to govern himself; no man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent."—Ab. Lincoln.

"In the light of real history it will be seen that the great man is he who sees most clearly and expresses most perfectly the common opinions and aspirations of his fellow-men."